BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Detectives and Ex-Convicts.

The John Bull League.

The King's Proctor.

Our Special Police Intelligence.

Imaginary Interview.

John Bull in the City.

The Election Smile.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters, and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

The Drama of To-day.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

With the Dissolution on Monday, the fight will enter on its final stage. After that day and for about a week there will be no M.P.'s in the United Kingdom, and yet the world will wag on in much the same old way. Meanwhile, there is no "revolution" and no "civil war." The country is taking the crisis with an equanimity bordering upon indifference. The original cause of the trouble—the Veto of the Lords—is almost lost sight of, already. We are, indeed, a wonderful people.

But one remarkable fact is manifest. The Man-in-the-Street pays less attention than has ever before been the case to the party parrot cries. He is beginning to say to himself, "I seem to have heard all that before"—and he is beginning to listen with a sympathetic ear to this talk about a "Business Government."

How the idea is catching on! The Press, which has abandoned itself to the party shibboleth, may, for a time, ignore the movement—but it is coming. Perhaps South Hackney may do something to hasten its triumph. Our Election Address has been in great demand.

By the way, a fierce onslaught is being made upon our constituency. Taking advantage of our daring departure from strict party precedent, every subtle wile, every insidious electioneering method, is being employed to detach our supporters. We hope we are not lacking in personal perspective when we say that our defeat at this Election would mean a new lease of life to the curse of modern England—the Party hack. But "defeat" is not in our dictionary.

Meantime, have you a carriage, or a car, or a trap, or a van, or a donkey cart? If so, will you kindly keep it free for our polling day—which, as far as we can at present gather, will probably be Monday week, January 17th. Just drop a line to us at 25, Church Road, Homerton (which is exactly opposite Homerton Station, on the North London Railway), and, as the firm of perambulator manufacturers advertised, "we will do the rest."

Have you an hour to spare in the morning, or the afternoon, or the evening? If so, will you kindly call at the above address, and we will put you in touch with one or other of our Committee Rooms—where you'll have a real good time. And then, when the Business Government at last arrives, you'll be able to say you had a hand in its making.

Blessed are the Poor. "Latest Wills—The Rev. William Batley, formerly Curate of Folkestone and of Tonbridge, £109,288." So it appears that *all* curates are not poor.

Circumstances alter cases. "The people can be trusted; they are of age; they can act for themselves." Thus, Mr. Churchill in his election address. Just what we said about the Licensing Bill.

Mr. George Alexander has made the portentous announcement that "the principal event of the past year is the new interest awakened in all classes in the welfare of our beloved country and colonies." "New" is distinctly good.

That Local Government Board inquiry into the appeal of the Gellinaer Parish Council against surcharges made by the district auditor has already become amusing; until it is concluded we will not add that it promises to be serious to the members concerned. Take the admissions of Mr. John Jones, former clerk, and one of the ex-assistant overseers. He explained that he made two visits to London "to copy the regulations on the notice-boards in the parks," though he could have got them free by writing to the Local Government Board. Again, it was pointed out to Mr. Jones by the Inspector that £2,268 had been spent on preliminaries for a cemetery, yet there was no cemetery. Then Mr. Jones admitted the purchase of a nice little collection of fountain pens, costing from 10s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. each. The Inspector suggested he could not use all these pens at once. "No, sir," laughingly replied the facetious Jones, "my brother and his clerk used them as well." After this, the gentleman testified to having paid half-a-guinea each to certain members for signing cheques in blank. This touching story will be continued, if not in our next, then later. Meantime, we sigh again for that Business Government!

Before us at this moment is a heap of protests against the decision of the South-Western Police Court in the case of Mrs. Clark, of Meyrick Road, Battersea. Without hesitation we can say that it is the most shameful magisterial decision of the week, not so much because of the severity of the punishment as of the utter insensibility which incited it. During the Clapham fire calamity Mr. Clark, her husband, fell unconscious to the ground while assisting in the rescue of a girl from the burning building. A rumour reached his wife that he was dead. Distracted, she tried to reach the place where he was lying, and when two policemen barred her way she attacked them, and was arrested and conveyed to the police-station. Brought before the magistrate, he apparently saw nothing in the circumstances to excuse her conduct, made no allowance for her natural excitement, at a time of poignant stress and strain, and fined her 7s. 6d. with the alternative of five days' imprisonment. We are not surprised at the indignation of our readers, for their human right to indulge it is the plain statement of the facts. The magistrate who could act in such a way, in such circumstances, ought to be drummed off the Bench.

Here is an instructive advertisement from a French paper:—

> Wanted, an instructor or instructress capable of teaching the English language without impoverishing it with the usual solecisms and unintelligible jumble of French words. No English need apply, Germans preferred.

The invasion has indeed commenced.

The resignation of the Grand Vizier bears out our indication of an impending break-up of the new dispensation in Turkey. As we have pointed out over and over again, the late revolution has only resulted in a change from paternal tyranny to the tyranny of an oligarchy. The foreign affairs of Turkey are not one whit more stable or promising than they were when a distinguished diplomatist occupied the throne. Bulgarian and Greek intrigues have not abated, nor has the disintegration of the Turkish Empire been arrested. Departmental honesty, naval and military organisation, sound finance and patriotic politics have not suddenly come into existence. And the Turkish people who, after all, do possess common sense, are realising that they have been befooled for the benefit of a clique.

Fancy Counsel sending a witness to sleep during cross-examination! This was the achievement of Mr. R. D. Muir, the most ponderous and dullest dog at the Bar. And yet he is [illegible]cipal counsel to the Treasury. Oh, for that Business Government!

An obscure tyro has fixed upon an allegation that the President of the Board of Trade decided upon some anti-ducal posters while paying a visit to Blenheim. Here was an opportunity for a scream about the insincerity of denouncing an institution while enjoying the advantages of ancestral halls and powdered flunkeys. But if this argument were carried to a logical conclusion we should all feel bound to forego many amenities of life and reduce general principles to an absurdly meticulous practice. The strange thing is that people who are probably quite fair and honest in private life become raging tyrants when they descend to political arguments.

The Rev. J. Luke has been preaching at Torrington upon "Christians and Politics," and in the course of his sermon he mentioned that there was no voting in the time of Christ, but that if "He were alive to-day" He would vote straight for the Liberals—for the Budget and against the Brewers. To those who preach the Gospel according to J. Luke, we would mention, as a warning, the case of the Rev. Wm. Riley, who opposed us at the last election, and issued a placard on the eve of the poll, asking: "How would Jesus vote?"—and got 804 to our 6,700!

Money is collected for the Salvation Army by all sorts of queer means. A singularly original method is that adopted by "Salvation" Smith, the well-known stockbroker. His pitch is the mining section of the Stock Exchange, and he describes his procedure in these terms:—

> I appear in the market with my basket and a tambourine. Members form a ring round me, the basket is set on the floor in the centre, and I have to do a war dance like a Dervish, with the tambourine. Members clap and shout, and the younger men seize me and waltz me until I am ready to drop. Imagine two hours of this to a man of 63.

Do not, however, think that "Salvation" Smith is "up the pole." We have had a good deal of business with him—and he is "all there." Good luck to him!

How far is a loyal and patriotic Briton warranted in expressing his affection for the Monarch in terms of physical force? Is he entitled to hit on the nose another subject of the King who is less enthusiastic in loyalty than himself? It is a nice point, and it was raised at a police court the other day. An ex-soldier was saying things complimentary of the King, and his interest in the poor, which is proverbial. A civilian—not a very civil civilian, by the bye—demurred. "The King ought to be burnt!" said he. Thereupon the loyal ex-soldier hit the anti-monarchical gentleman, and got locked up. We are glad to say that the Bench sent him home with a warning, which, however, he said he would disregard if at any future time he received similar provocation. In that case, we hope he will be let off again. In fact, we would even support a testimonial to him. Long live the King!

Amidst the din of irreconcilable statements about the relative strength of our own and the German Fleet, the plain man comforts himself with the reflection that there cannot be much to fear, seeing that we are spending 35 millions a year, as against the 20 millions of Germany; and there is no sufficient reason to assume that we get less for our money than our rivals. But examination of the items that make up the totals considerably lessens their significance. Here are some of them, taken from the official and unchallenged figures: 1908—Great Britain, wages and pensions, £9,333,100; 1908—Germany, £1,533,196. The *personnel* of the British Navy is roughly 128,000, that of the German, 50,000—*i.e.*, considerably less than one-half, yet the *personnel* of the British Fleet costs more than six times that of the German. Oh, for that business Government!

During an inquest on a child at Merton it was stated that the father was employed as an assistant lavatory attendant under the City of London Corporation, that his wages were 16s. a week, that out of this he had to pay 1s. a week for his fare to the City, that his rent was 2s., that he had to provide for his wife, himself, and two children with the balance; that he worked from 7 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and that he had been in the employ of the Corporation for seven years. The Coroner and the jury thought that a wage of this kind was "disgraceful," and, though it was not very skilled labour, we do think the Corporation might have made it a round pound.

This is the way the Liberal party loses votes. The letter comes to us from a Birmingham reader:—

> I am an old member of the Birmingham and District Angling Association (8,000 strong), which holds two contests annually. The first, held at Newport, Salop, was attended by over 3,000 members, friends, wives and kiddies. Early trains, 5.30, three hours' journey, cold morning, one hour allowed for breakfast, hundreds of youngsters left on the pub steps and lying about the footpaths, all through the town, looking half-perished, their parents having to bring refreshments out to them, after warming themselves. The same thing occurred later in the day, after twenty miles walk or more, and this in an old market town where the licensed houses are well provided with good yards, gardens, etc. The youngsters need not enter the house at all, but still they had to stay in the streets. The same occurred at Abingdon in very dirty weather, two months later. If this is the present-day Socialism, Temperance, and Christianity, *out* it. If the "Holy" Joes could have heard only a few of the comments on their crack-brained policy they would not feel so sure of their seats. They will get very few votes off that 8,000 Brums. I have voted Liberal (G.O.M.'s principles) thirty years, but not for this lot of rotters, thanks!

Mr. Plowden the other day talked some very good sense touching the horrible tenderness of some otherwise hard-bitten women for the sorrows of the dog. We keep dogs ourselves and appreciate their qualities; but we have no patience with the feminine dog worship of the day. It has most unpleasant psychological and physiological sides to it. So far as the outburst on which Mr. Plowden commented was a protest against the committal of a woman to prison for seven days for non-payment of two dog licences we agree with it. But so much money was sent to the Court next day to pay the fine that Mr. Plowden had publicly to notify that the woman was only locked up for a few hours, and that the issue, so to speak, was largely over-subscribed. He added that "there appeared to be some feminine natures to whom the whine of a cur meant more than the moan of a human being." Hear, hear!

The clerical gentleman who runs the *Parochial Magazine* for the moral and spiritual edification of the good Church people of Holybourne, Newton Valence, East Worldham, and Froyle, in the diocese of the Bishop of Winchester, has his own ideas of a joke. In his September number we find this moving dialogue:

> *Scene.* Tap room of an Inn. Raining hard. Some undergraduates from Oxford are standing round the fire drying their clothes. Enter a Bargee, also wet.
>
> *Affable Undergraduate.* "Well, where have you come from?"
>
> *Bargee.* "Why! from H—ll of course."
>
> *A. U.* "You look like it. How did you leave them all there?"
>
> *B.* "Very much the same as they be here: all the swells next the fire."

It is not a story which we should have dared to print ourselves. We fear our rev. brother is what the man in the street spells o, t,—mustard.

Will any kind reader inform us who is "Francis McCullagh, Esq.," who has just received His Majesty's Royal Licence and Authority to accept and wear the Cross of Commander of the Royal Order of Saint Sava, which decoration has been conferred upon him by His Majesty the King of Servia, in recognition of valuable services rendered? We confess that we have never heard of the gentleman, and are unable to conceive of any services rendered to the drunken murderer now presiding over the destinies of an unfortunate country, or, at any rate, of any services which warrant our Sovereign's advisers in authorising the acceptance of such a decoration. Has Mr. McCullagh written articles or books in defence of the killing of kings, or has he invited British investors to cast their money into the river Save? The best service which anyone can render to his pretended Majesty the King of Servia, otherwise our old friend Peter Karageorgevitch, would be to take him away from his cellar and transport him as quickly as possible over the border.

We are very glad to find that our incessant protests against the employment of aliens as British representatives abroad are beginning to bear fruit. It is now announced that Dr. von Schwabach is to be replaced by a gentleman of the delightfully insular name of Boyle, as British Consul-General in Berlin, and we hope that Mr. Boyle will have a salary sufficiently large to compensate him for the annoyance of residing among unrepentant consumers of sausages. Hitherto the chief plea made by our Foreign Secretary has been that the foreigners whom he delights to employ as British representatives exacted no salaries. In the case of Schwabach, Reuter reports that he was "*unsalaried, receiving only £35 a year* in fees," a statement which almost deserves one of our far-famed biscuits. During the general election we hope that electors will exact pledges from candidates that pressure shall be brought on the Foreign Office to restrict the Diplomatic and Consular Services, salaried, unsalaried, or alleged to be unsalaried, to people with British names, British sympathies, and British intelligence.

It seems to us about time that the John Bull League got to work in Ilford. A fortnight or so ago a Sunday League concert was advertised to be held in the local Hippodrome, but was cancelled at the last moment, owing to the action of the Kill Joys in that select town. These same people will not allow Sunday boating or Sunday music in the parks, while the Town Council oppose workmen's trains as "tending to attract an undesirable class of residents." Ilford members of the John Bull League had better put their heads together at once. They ought to have no difficulty in providing Sunday concerts, even if they have to commence on a modest scale. They will find that the noise of the Kill Joys is much greater than their influence or their strength.

We note that at the Wakefield Quarter Sessions the other day, James Duke, a plumber, was found guilty of having stolen 1s. 11d. from an automatic cash-box in a lavatory at Harrogate, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. We understand that had the amount been a round 2s., the sentence would have been seven years. The John Bull League must keep its eye on the Recorder of Wakefield.

"Fortunes in Eggs—Rosy Prospects for the Poultry Keeper," are headlines which have struck our optics in the *Daily Tale*. No doubt everything depends on whether you can get your hens to lay the eggs. We should not, however, be doing our duty if we did not point out that they are disappointing and unreliable birds.

With an ingenious originality which is beyond praise, our Liberal politicians have begun to lunge violently at the licensed interest and to try and enforce teetotalism by Act of Parliament, just at the time when official statistics and our own eyes testify to the fact that the people are becoming moderate drinkers of their own free will. The L.C.C., in the same way (so state the London Chinese) have decided to put down opium smoking just after opium smoking has put itself down. If anyone but a London Chinee told us this, we should believe it; for it would be quite in accord with the practice of repressive legislators and administrators, when dealing with habits which do not happen to be their own. The Chinaman finds that opium smoking makes him thirsty; and whisky upsets him. So he has ceased to smoke. That's the tale, anyway.

A correspondent asks us "whether any measures are taken by anybody" to insure proper ventilation and fire precautions in places used for Sunday school purposes," such precautions as are taken nowadays in all day schools under public control." We are inclined to think that our correspondent has placed his finger on a real evil. Whilst we adopt all sorts of measures to protect the theatre-goer from suffocation, we ignore the possible dangers of overcrowded chapels and churches. So, possibly, whilst continually raising the standards of hygiene and safety in elementary schools, we may be forgetting that foul air kills, and that fire scares may occur, on Sunday as on any other day. Maybe, there is not much danger of panic in the churches, many of which are half-empty in these days, but we must not forget the kiddies in the Sunday schools.

If we are to believe the Government, the Territorial Army is rapidly getting into shape, and we have already a Force for Home Defence greatly superior to anything that existed in the days of the old Volunteer organisation. It is probably true that so far as drill can make an efficient body of men, the Territorial Army is improving, but of what value can a Military Force be for the purpose of defending the country unless it has efficient arms? Now the bald fact is that as matters stand the Territorial Army is armed with a rifle which will be of as much use to it in the day of battle as bows and arrows, and its guns are no better. It is true that this year the men are to be re-armed, but the rifle that they are to be given is of very little more value than the weapon they will discard. We are not suggesting that it is the fault of Mr. Haldane. He has to work with the materials at his disposal, and if his colleagues will not ask Parliament for the materials necessary he has to put up with such arms as may be available. But what a farce it is! The one and only justification —and it is ample justification—for the creation and maintenance of the Territorial Army, is that in the day of need it may be able to stand against the German or other foreigner who in his tens of thousands may invade us. But these foreigners, if they ever come, will be armed with the best rifle science can provide, and against them will stand our unhappy Territorials with a weapon about as valuable for the purpose for which it is given to them as the Zulu muskets were useful against the rifles of the British troops who fought them a quarter of a century ago.

"In a spirit of *bon camaraderie*," as he puts it, a Tenby correspondent wants to know why we don't give ourselves a biscuit for awarding "the" biscuit to so many people at the same time. "If," says he, in the spirit of the keen logician, "one person gets *the* biscuit, how can others have *the* biscuit?" The only reason we can give for not consuming some of our own hard-baked is that "taking the biscuit" is the classic phrase of a classic tongue, and that "taking *a* biscuit" isn't. Still, the logic of our correspondent is not to be denied.

Mr. W. Pooley, of Pooley's Hall, Upton Park, West Ham, sends us a rambling epistle for a small donation to enable him to get positive possession of the Winter Gardens and sixteen bungalows at Canvey Island, Essex, with the professed object of using the ground and premises for the benefit of the unemployed. We have received several complaints regarding Mr. Pooley from unemployed men who have been dragging a cart about the country. They state that they have been supplied with some bottles of Pooley and Co.'s Fruit Syrup, which they had to sell from house to house upon commission. This article was found to be pretty well known and difficult to sell, and many of the men consequently had a very rough time. Our readers will remember we referred to Mr. Pooley some three years ago, in connection with the claim of a young man to wages for selling ginger beer. Our information is that "Pooley's Hall" is merely a shed, and that Pooley himself is a blend of Silas Wegg and Captain Kettle, possessing, like the former, a wooden leg; like the latter, a liking for the concertina, and, like both of these worthies, a tendency to drop into poetry. As we have before said, we should much like to see a balance-sheet showing what Mr. Pooley does with the money collected for the unemployed. We believe that it is his invariable custom to reply to such requests that it is not his duty to make one out, but rather that of the enquirer after inspection of the books!

A reader informs us that the tradespeople of Oldham have ordained that in future a farthing is not to be "legal tender" in their town—the object presumably being to compel the local drapery establishments to mark their goods in plain figures. Still, one of the results, is curious. Our correspondent says that on purchasing two reply postcards, for which the Government charge is 2½d., he was compelled to pay 2½d., and he asks, "Is the Oldham Post Office under the G.P.O. or only a local undertaking?" We should like a little confirmation of the story before addressing a letter to the Postmaster-General in connection with it.

Out of the mouths of County Court Judges, no less than those of babes and sucklings, wisdom is occasionally ordained; generally when they are not administering the law. Judge Rentoul has been lecturing on "Fourteen Mistakes of Life," and if he was platitudinous in places, he was wise in others. We are mistaken, he said, when we "attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it," and when we "try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own." These errors are the basis of all tyranny. Judge Rentoul puzzles us a little, however, when he adds: "A young lady's nose is undoubtedly prettier than a bulldog's nose, but we find that the bulldog's nose is about five times as good at smelling." Do we? Even County Court Judges should be careful how they reminisce about their youthful experiences in "the backyard of the father-in-law."

In recent years the fervent youth of the Y.M.C.A., forsaking the club and forswearing the public-house, have sought light entertainment within the portals of the Associations by setting up billiard tables. We gather that this is disconcerting the leaders of the "movement," for at the All Ireland Conference in Dublin a short time ago, the General Secretary of the Dublin branch denounced billiards as the devil's monopoly, and said that Y.M.C.A.'s should delight not their souls in the cannon and the hazard. From a young man's point of view, the worst case we can make out against billiards is that he can learn to play the piano in a fifth of the time—to say nothing of the incitement to bad language. As the descriptive Chinaman put it, "one man he sayee baddy luckee evly go an' the oder he sayee dammee evly go."

One of our readers, writing on board the Dominion Liner S.S. *Southwick*, tells us that of the one hundred odd saloon passengers on that vessel when she left Liverpool on December 9th, some eighty—including children—were Mormons, "a large proportion of whom were female converts." Smyth-Pigott will have to look to his laurels.

Congratulations to the Braintree Guardians upon rescinding their stupid resolution disallowing the inmates of their workhouse a glass of beer each, kindly offered as a present. Perhaps our previous paragraph did a little good, after all.

Bottomley for South Hackney. Canvassers, clerks and carriages wanted. Central Committee Rooms, 25, Church Road, Homerton—opposite North London station.

We have read, with amazement, the heading in a daily newspaper:—"Actor weds actress." This is, indeed, a new departure. The dukes will have to look to their laurels.

It is stated that out of every 10s. subscribed for the benefit of the blind, 6s. go towards salaries of officials and other expenses. And yet is is supposed to be an unusually wicked thing to rob a blind man.

Our Editor's Election Address reached the hands of his future constituents on Saturday evening last. About a quarter to eight a perspiring elector came rushing into one of the Committee Rooms, gave his name and address, said he was "For Bottomley," and after seeing a cross placed opposite his name in the Canvass Book, remarked, with a sigh, "That's the first time I've ever voted."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

BIGOTS OF ALL CREEDS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too grossome to be funny!
OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.
WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For stating that "The cost of food is LESS *in Germany than it is* HERE,"

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Throughout the day the circle of grave, thoughtful humanity (at the Gladstone Statue, Strand, on December 29th) was never less than SIX DEEP," *and that "*ALMOST COUNTLESS *floral trophies were deposited on the statue,"*

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the Lord Mayor presided over the meeting of the Watch Committee yesterday, when the subject of one day's rest for THE POLICE *was discussed.* OUT OF 18 SAMPLES TAKEN FOR ANALYSIS, THREE WERE REPORTED ADULTERATED,"

THE BRISTOL EVENING TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Harness makers wanted for Canada.—Foreman—also 15 hands; ONE GOOD GIRL *to take charge,"*

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Funeral on Friday. All Masons to attend in WHITE GLOVES ONLY,"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE SOUTHEND RECORDER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the work of the Inspector of Cruelty to Animals "has had an excellent effect on the CHILD *life of the district,"*

THE ALDERSHOT NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a letter to the "Glasgow Herald": "I have read with CONSIDERABLE AMAZEMENT, THOUGH NOT ALTOGETHER WITH SURPRISE,"

D. M. MASON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Norwich Hippodrome. 6th Dec. Full Company as COOKED."

DAS PROGRAMM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For referring to a singer's "*INIMICAL *treatment of his two numbers,"*

THE RIPON OBSERVER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For talking of "language TOO PLAIN TO BE UNDERSTOOD,"

THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a Dublin gentleman left all his money to the elder son of his brother, AND IF HE HAD NO ELDER SON, TO THE SECOND,"

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The night watchman promptly gave the alarm by blowing THE HEAP OF RUINS."

THE DAILY GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Brown Dog was a RED HERRING AND A WHITE ELEPHANT,"

A BATTERSEA BOROUGH COUNCILLOR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For alluding to "*DERVISHES FROM THE BACKWOODS,"

THE REV. ALEXANDER FARQUHAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AN IMPENDING MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A DESPERATE MAN, HARASSED BY DETECTIVES, SENDS US HIS FINAL MESSAGE BEFORE COMMITTING MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A few days ago, we received the following remarkable letter. We reproduce it in the hope that some of our readers may, by chance, identify the writer and, perhaps, assist in preventing a double tragedy.

We have been unable, from the meagre facts contained in the letter, to trace the case to which it refers; but we do not hesitate to say that if the man's complaint against the detective is well-founded, a very serious responsibility rests upon him. We have had somewhat similar reports placed before us by other men, who have alleged that after purging their offences (sometimes not of a very grave character), and obtaining honest employment, they have been hunted down by detectives who call to warn their employers against them. At first we found it hard to believe that such a system exists, but the evidence no longer permits us to doubt it. We do not say that any Police Regulation can be cited to prove that detectives are directed to disclose to the employers of these ticket-of-leave men the fact that they are ex-convicts, or that all detectives do so, but we fear that many of them do. We cannot too strongly condemn the practice.

Meanwhile, if it be not too late, we appeal to the writer of the letter to allow better counsels to prevail. If his story be correct, he has only to satisfy us that such is the case, and JOHN BULL readers will soon put things right for him. His letter is, indeed, a "Human Document."

London, Dec. 19th, 1909.

Dear Sir,

Having been a reader of your paper for some time is my only excuse for sending you the following. Some time ago, I was sent to prison for a short term, my conviction being brought about partly by falsehoods told by a Mr. H——. Till this affair took place, I had the best of characters, having been in one firm for 6 years, and others 4, 4½, and 2 years; from each firm I have the best of references. Well, Sir, my trouble is this. I have obtained three situations, and lost each, the detective who had charge of my case, informing the managers of my past. It is difficult enough to obtain work now, but to lose it for what has been done and for what I have already suffered, is heart-breaking. As this is likely to continue, I have come to the conclusion that the world is no place for me, without it is the workhouse or prison I want to end my days in, which I won't, so I intend to make the person H—— pay for the trouble he has caused me and end my own troubles as well, and the world, which knows nothing of the acts that have led up to the end, will, of course, think me brutal. I can't give you all the details, much as I should like to, as you might think you were doing me a kindness, and prevent me doing what I intend to do. You will recognize the case, as H—— lives in a well-known East Coast town. I only hope, Sir, when all the papers are reporting about my brutal and cruel deed, you, in justice to me, will report what made me act in such a way. I have played the part of a man for the last ten months, being dogged by Detective S——, who, no doubt, thinks he is doing his duty by informing my employers of my affair. No wonder they say "Once a convict always a convict." A man has no other chance without he has money or influence. I have always noticed that when a man does anything serious, the police and papers always report that the reasons were unfounded, and the person imagined all the things. So no doubt Detective S—— and H—— will say the same. I have enough to carry me over a few days, and then comes the end. I shall look in your next issue, where I trust you will give me some sign you have received my letter. At the same time, I must ask you to keep the contents of my letter a secret. In conclusion, I am not what I have made myself, but what others have made me.

Yours faithfully,

R.

THE KING'S PROCTOR.

BY A DIVORCE LAW REFORMER.

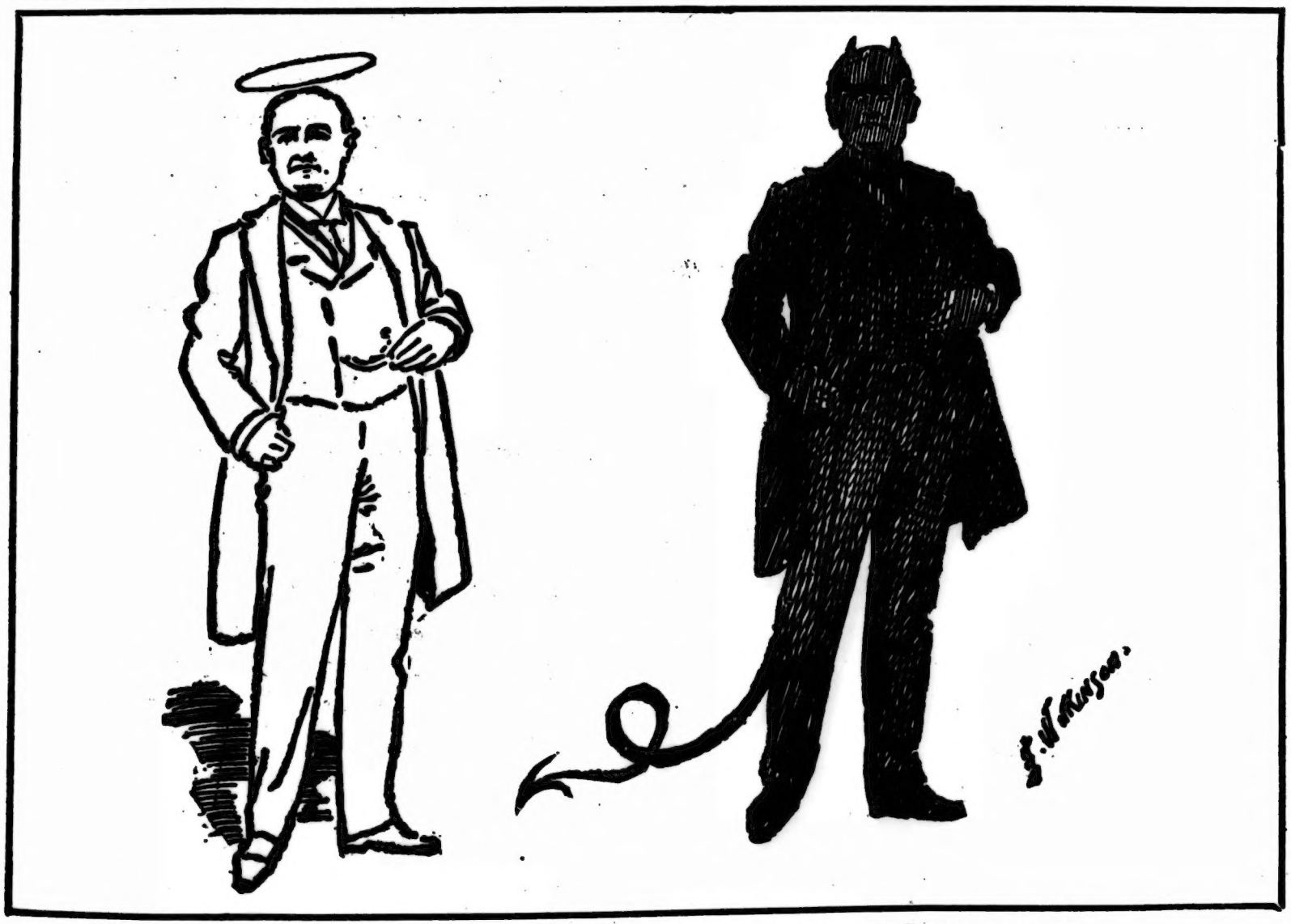
Some of the clergy have recently denounced proposals for divorce in the County Courts because they think that the King's Proctor would be unable to attend to County Court divorces. The King's Proctor was given powers to intervene in divorce cases as recently as 1860 in order to prevent collusion or the concealment of material facts from the Court. Up to then no such system had existed, and there was no distinction between a decree *nisi* and a decree absolute. As a matter of fact, the King's Proctor scarcely ever intervenes to prevent collusion, which is very difficult to prove unless the parties are either very indiscreet or cannot afford good legal advice. The King's Proctor, therefore, spends most of his time in trying to prevent a petitioner getting a divorce by proving that the petitioner has himself been guilty of a matrimonial offence. It is not surprising that his attentions are for the most part lavished on the poor. The poor can rarely afford to cross the Channel when on pleasure bent, and the King's Proctor scarcely ever ventures beyond his native soil. Again, the poor enjoy far less privacy than the rich, and are much more at the mercy of malicious gossip and tittle-tattle.

Some recent cases have vividly disclosed the hardships of poor men who save up for years to get a decent home by divorce. In such a case the savings are gone by the time the decree *nisi* has been obtained. Then the petitioner suddenly finds that he has to refute charges of adultery extending, as in one recent case, more than twenty years back. He has to fight a public official fortified by the State purse. If he loses, he has to pay the costs of the King's Proctor. If he wins he cannot get any costs unless he can prove that the intervention of the King's Proctor is "unreasonable." Should he succeed in proving this (a Herculean task) the King's Proctor is entitled to have all the costs out of the Treasury, and the taxpayer is mulcted for an official blunder.

What are the results of such a system? They are incessant blackmail, the preservation of a legal tie between two persons who have long drifted apart, illicit concubinage and, in the woman's case only too frequently, prostitution. Yet we are made to pay for the preservation of all these iniquitous mischiefs, and we are told that for the sake of preserving them we must not allow the poor to have divorce.

We need only look across the border to find an eminently sensible system at work. In Scotland the parties are not united by the indissoluble bond of mutual infidelity, but the innocent party has a financial claim on the guilty party, which the innocent party loses if proved to be at fault. For example, a husband need not support a guilty wife unless guilty of adultery himself. It is, therefore, to the wife's interest to sustain counter-charges. The parties have no longer the common motive of wishing to be free to induce them to smother the faults on both sides. In this way a Scottish divorce is free from all the perjury and clandestine collusion and official inquisition of an English divorce. It is the business of the Lord Advocate to deal with cases of flagrant collusion, which in England could easily be dealt with by the Attorney-General.

England inherits the Roman Catholic system of fettering unfortunate spouses together as much as possible. The Protestant reformers in Scotland got rid of this system three hundred years ago. But the Roman Catholics, at least, made the erring parties live together, and did not allow them to live apart. It is reserved for modern England to keep persons married but separated, not only by its laws, but also by subsidising special officials for the purpose. Nor would the system be tolerated for a moment if it really touched the well-to-do classes instead of driving only the most self-respecting members of the poorer classes into life-long misery, and often, where irregular unions result, into crime. This thing is a blot and a disgrace on English jurisprudence, and it must be abolished. Let every man and woman who is suffering under it write to JOHN BULL, and let a collection of their cases be made without names, and submitted to the Divorce Law Commission. As for the clergy they should be wise in time, and remember that the nobility of the husband or wife who tries to make the best of a bad job and sticks to the sinking ship, is neither encouraged nor discouraged by legal compulsion. Let them preach their ideals without invoking the aid of the police—or the King's Proctor.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE AS HE APPEARS TO HIS SUPPORTERS.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE AS HE APPEARS TO HIS OPPONENTS.

SOCIALISM: A DREAM.

By Rev. J. Hudson, M.A.

The afternoon was very hot and drowsy, and I reposed in my hammock in the garden, meditating. My daily paper had fallen from my hand, and lay on the ground. I had been reading the utterances of a Labour candidate, a leading article by a political partisan, and the propaganda of an eccentric preacher, and it seemed that we were on the eve of a new era, when, for the first time, liberty and justice and equality should be tangible realities and not mere names, when we should "have all things in common," and the evils of capital, monopolies, property, landlordism and vested interests should be swept away for ever, and the reign of peace and prosperity begin; when a republic more republican than Plato's, and a Utopia more Utopian than More's, should be established in these dominions.

It seemed to my old-fashioned mind a little too good to be true, and I thought I saw a good many practical difficulties in the way of its inauguration, and not a few fallacies in the arguments of its supporters; and while I was thus musing, I seemed to fall into a reverie, from which I was roused by a voice in my ear.

A man clothed in a loose flowing costume, with somewhat of the appearance of an ancient Greek, stood at my side. He accosted me in polite terms: "You are, I think, an anti-Socialist, and require to be educated in the first principles of the new faith. I come from a city where all are equal, and, consequently, everyone is happy, and I am at liberty to take you there if you so desire, and to demonstrate to you the advantages of our system."

I expressed willingness to accompany him, and my readiness to examine new views, but admitted myself somewhat sceptical of the revolutionary methods of the Socialist leaders. "It is your own reactionary policy that impedes the world's improvement," he replied; "but come and see for yourself."

Almost immediately I seemed to be transported to unfamiliar scenes, and found myself walking side by side with my companion through the streets of a strange city. The first thing that struck me was the monotonous sameness of the houses, which were simply *facsimiles* of one another, though several larger buildings were evidently of a public character.

I was not in the least surprised at my situation, much less alarmed; it all seemed quite natural, and I only felt a vague curiosity as to my whereabouts. With a view to gleaning some information, I asked my guide who he was and where we were. "This," said he, "is Isopolis, the greatest city in the world, where alone true equality is to be found. I am one of the chief Archons, and my name is Megacles. Let us lose no time in exploring our little commune. And suppose we take the schools first. I know you are interested in education, and you people in England have been agitating yourselves quite unnecessarily of late over scholastic details, while we aim simply at training citizens to take their places in a state where all are equal, and no one has any advantage over another."

He led me to a large establishment which in numbers he said equalled Eton, but its efficiency, he asserted, was far in advance of any of our public schools. It was the play-hour, and the boys were engaged at cricket, and very spacious and excellent were the playing-fields. We stood and watched a seniors' game. The bats, balls, etc., were of the very best quality, but the physique of the players was low and their performance execrable.

I noticed that the umpire had omitted to call several "wides" and "no-balls," and I drew the attention of Megacles to the fact. "Hush!" said he, "you must not be over-critical. These players are heavily handicapped by Nature, and we have got to make up for their natural deficiencies by giving them the best pitch and the best appliances, and relaxing rules in their favour; how otherwise can we maintain the balance of equality?" "Oh, well tried, sir," he exclaimed, to a lanky youth who had just "muffed" the easiest imaginable catch at point. "You see, we must not discourage these or they will lose faith in themselves as equal to their more gifted companions."

I said nothing, though I pictured to myself the hisses and cries of "butter-fingers" that would have greeted such a piece of fielding on an English ground. I observed three or four splendidly-built young fellows lolling on the grass, "loafing," as we should call it at home, yet they were evidently athletic, and looked far more likely to distinguish themselves at the game than the sorry team in the field.

"Why are you not playing, my friend?" I said to one of them. He seemed surprised at the question, but replied in matter-of-fact tones, "Oh, I am not allowed to play, sir. It would not be fair! I made a century 'not out' early in the season, and so I am debarred from playing for a month to make things equal." "And you?" I said to another. "I, too, am suspended for the present. I took four wickets in one over, and on another occasion sent down so many maiden overs that, of course, it was unfair to the others that I should continue." A third told me he was such a safe catch in the long field, and returned the ball with such deadly precision, that he, too, had been placed on the shelf in the interests of equality. They none of them complained, and seemed to think it quite a natural penalty to pay for their unequal proportion of skill. I was astonished and disgusted, but wisely held my peace, though the Archon noted my silence with evident disapproval.

A bell now rang, and the boys trooped into school, While they dispersed to their various class-rooms, my guide showed me their river and the boat-houses. "We have some capital oarsmen," he said, "but some are so good that it has been necessary to penalise them by giving them cumbrous oars, and making them carry extra weight. We will now give a glance at their studies," said my mentor. We entered a class-room where the highest forms were pursuing their mathematical studies. He told me that classes were arranged according to age and not ability, that so the idea of equality at all ages might permeate the school from the youngest to the eldest. They were doing geometry, and the hash they made of the simplest problems was enough to make a teacher tear his hair.

Some really intellectual-looking fellows with good heads were, to my surprise, reading novels. One of them told me he did all the riders in the last examination, and so was condemned to compulsory idleness for a season. Another said he had mastered the Binomial Theorem when he was fourteen; since when he had not been allowed to proceed any further. "It would be unfair to the others," was their parrot-like explanation. I asked the Archon if such a cast-iron system did not check all ambition and enthusiasm. He said that ambition was the bane of Socialism, and led to pride of intellect, pride of wealth, pride of success, that it embittered the lot of those who were less well endowed, and emphasised the natural inequality of human beings. "We rectify all these inequalities," said he; "equality is our motto in all things."

I was too bewildered to say anything, and was glad to accept my host's invitation to lunch as an agreeable diversion from unpleasant thoughts that would intrude themselves upon my mind. We had a miserable meal. My new friend explained that he had recently had to part with his cook, who had proved such an excellent *chef* that his menus had been so superior to all his neighbours as to provoke invidious comparisons, so in the sacred cause of equality he had engaged an ignorant wench from the country. The result was—a raw joint and burnt potatoes The pudding, having fallen into the fire, was not served at all.

After lunch, my host offered to take me round the town and show me their municipal buildings, and explain their political system and legislature. As we passed down the main street we met a misshapen dwarf riding on horseback. "Good afternoon, Sir Timon," said the Archon. "I hope you are keeping better?" "I should have thought titles were hardly consistent with your theory of equality," I ventured to observe, as we left the dwarf behind. "Oh, we have our aristocracy and our titles of respect, but we award them rationally and not in the stupid way you do, with your rewards of merit and your effete hereditary House of Lords. Our plan is this. Some are handicapped by nature, and we make up for this by conferring honours and emoluments on them. Lunatics and idiots are marquesses and earls. Baronetcies and knighthoods are conferred on those who suffer from some physical infirmity or deformity like the poor cripple we just met. These in the ordinary course of things would meet with scant consideration from their fellow-creatures, but we elevate them to a position which commands respect. So equality is restored." We spent the afternoon in promenading the town and the many strange things I saw and heard baffle all description. I returned with my head in a whirl, and feeling like a second Gulliver on his travels.

In the evening, we went to a concert. The opening solo was one of exceptional difficulty, and it was plain that the pianist had great musical ability, though her appearance was anything but prepossessing, as she was attired in an ill-fitting gown and wore blue spectacles, while the wretched piano would have disgraced a common lodging-house. The performer, I was told, was an exceedingly beautiful and talented lady, but it was necessary to handicap her in this way by the constitutional laws of Isopolis. The next item was a song, vilely rendered by a contralto, who had no voice at all—but oh! the divine tones of the piano used on this occasion and the exquisite touch of the accompanist! I noticed also that the singer was plain-featured, but she wore an elegant costume and many jewels.

I came out in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. "Could it be right?" I asked myself; "nay, was it not monstrously wrong so to outrage Nature? Was not any such scheme of Socialism doomed to failure? Was not all the seeming inequality in the world (which was often more seeming than real) better than such a forced and compulsory equality? Would not any such method give the death-blow to all energy, independence, thrift, ambition and originality, and leave no scope at all for the development of character and genius and the exercise of charity and all the virtues and amenities of life that thrive and flourish only when there are to be found all sorts and conditions of men?"

The Archon told me he had a business meeting to attend, but would not be many minutes. He begged me to excuse him, and said if I would go to his house his son and daughter (a charming pair who had greatly interested me at lunch) would entertain me till his return. I therefore made my way back to the house, and entered unobserved. The drawing-room door was ajar, and I paused a moment before entering. Leucippe—a beautiful maiden of eighteen—was seated at the piano, playing an impromptu serenade with a touch and tone that bespoke true genius of the first order. Agenor was putting the finishing touches to a picture that would have had an honoured place in our National Academy in any year. They rose in confusion on my entrance. "Oh, pray pardon us; we did not expect you so soon, and we beg that you will on no account tell our father what you have seen or heard. We are not allowed to cultivate our talent or art. We have violated the principles of our State by doing so in secret. We trust you will keep our secret."

"Folly and fiddle-sticks!" I cried in genuine indignation. "Oh, my children, you have powers that would make the world better and happier, and are you to hide your lights under a bushel, flout the gifts of Providence, and stunt your own souls, and all for a mistaken system of Socialism, which is itself the grossest injustice, and which, if unchecked, will wreck the very foundations of society? Fly with me to my country, where your talents may be cultivated and your merit appreciated." More I would have said, but a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and the stern voice of the Archon hissed in my ear: "Rash and misguided man! So this is how you abuse my hospitality, creeping like a serpent into our Eden. Know that such seditious words shall not go unpunished. A term of solitary confinement in our state prison will perchance bring you to a better mind!"

He advanced to arrest me, and I closed with him. We grappled in a death struggle, and I fell heavily. I rose and looked about me for the Archon of Isopolis, but he was nowhere to be seen. Only my own familiar garden and a bump on my forehead. I had fallen out of the hammock!

JOHN BULL'S QUESTIONS.

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE AUTHOR?

(*Alleged Answers of Prominent People.*)

SIR THOMAS LIPTON: Bacon.
MISS MAUD ALLAN: William Baird.
MR. LLOYD GEORGE: Baring-Gould.
SIR THOMAS WHITTAKER: Antony Brewer.
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Sir John Cheke.
MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST: Robert Fellowes.
DR. COOK: Sir Thomas North.
RANJI: Richard Owen.
DR. CLIFFORD: Pope.
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING: Thomas Rymer.
EUGEN SANDOW: John Armstrong.
MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY: G. Banks.

Somerville's
Scotch Whisky
(the finest that Scotland can produce)

at wholesale prices direct from Scotland

Packing Free.
Special terms for exportation and to large buyers.

In the event of the Government refunding any of the duty now charged on Spirits, we shall repay the proportionate amount.

Guaranteed Ages	POST FREE 3 BOTS.	Carriage paid to nearest railway station. 6 BOTS.	12 BOTS.
4 Years Old	9/6	18/6	36/-
6 Years Old	11/-	21/6	42/-
10 Years Old	12/6	24/6	48/-

Fill up the Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY.

John Somerville & Co., Ltd.
Distillers,
Craigmillar, Edinburgh,
Established 1826.

POST FREE SAMPLE HALF-BOTTLES.
4 years old . . 1/9
6 „ „ . . 2/-
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To Messrs. JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., LTD., Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value.....for which please send me.....bottles of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed.....years old Scotch Whisky **on condition that if it is not the finest Whisky I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.** J.B. 8/1/10.

Name.....

Address.....

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense, Business Government for a Common Sense Business People.

Readers desirous of joining the League must fill up the subjoined form and forward same to the Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

All applicants whose forms were received up to the end of the year, have been duly enrolled.

No Officer of the League, except the Organizing Secretary, is, in any circumstances, authorized to solicit or receive subscriptions.

SOME BRANCH REPORTS.

Loughborough.—The League is making steady progress. In view of the full statement contained in this "Election Manifesto" of the President's views upon Tariff Reform, the members are much amused at the statement of the *Nottingham Evening Post* that "he has expressed himself in favour of giving scientific Tariff Reform a trial," and that "South Hackney Free Traders are indignant at this playing fast and loose with their principles."

Neath.—This branch proposes to take an early opportunity of assembling together the local members—of whom there are many. When, in local political controversy in the clubs, etc., the League objects are stated, they are received with much approval.

Penarth.—The League here looks like being the real thing. The badges are now very much in evidence, thanks to the Cardiff visit. Everyone here seems to be of the opinion of John Bullites that it is a Business Government that is required. A Happy New Year to our President.

Rochdale.—The Whist Drive by members of this branch is fixed for February 1st—not January 17th, as previously announced. Will local members kindly note? All is going well here, and excellent results are expected from the function.

Sheffield.—It is in vain we keep looking in John Bull for some promise of a meeting in Sheffield, but we must bide our time, until our worthy President has again secured his seat at St. Stephen's, of which we have no doubt about; then we hope Sheffield will be one of the early cities visited. Our business rival, Birmingham, has shown great enthusiasm; Sheffield must go one better. As we boast the finest musical chorus in the world, we must not be behind in singing down cant and hypocrisy. League members have been busily occupied enquiring into the merits of the respective Parliamentary candidates, with a view to deciding to whom the support of the local members of the League—of whom there are a considerable number—should be given. They plainly tell both sides that the members of the League are not Party hacks—a declaration which is very favourably received.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

—:o:—

Please enrol me as a Member of the John Bull League.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WANTED, A CANADIAN BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE.

DISMAL WAIL FROM A TORONTO CORRESPONDENT.

We have received the following pithy letter from a Toronto reader. We commend it to the members of the Lord's Day Observance Society:—

When I was a child in the godly little town of South Shields, the *Missionary Record* was amongst the few books permitted on Sunday. On the cover were two figures—one a scantily clad savage saying, "Come over and help us," the other a benign-looking missionary who did the helping, to whom I contributed many reluctant coppers. Now this distant part of the Empire sends a cry "Come over and help us," but do not send missionaries. We have loads of them, and prefer savages. From Chicago, and other centres of culture and Christianity, Bum evangelists, converted drunkards and singing revivalists, come in crowds and hire skating rinks or halls, and tell delighted audiences that everybody, except those present, is going to hell. But we don't depend entirely on these imported nuisances. The Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists of Toronto have formed a combine, which has the Standard Oil Trust skinned. By digging up ancient laws and worrying Parliament to pass new ones, and by every preacher of these denominations constituting himself a spy and informer, to enforce these laws, Toronto has become a Puritanical hell, and travellers will go a hundred miles out of their way to avoid spending Sunday in this Methodist-ridden city. The combination they work under is called the Lord's Day Alliance, originally got up by two misfit preachers out of a job, who now draw large salaries and travelling expenses.

Restaurants may furnish meals on Sunday, but these champions of the Lord discovered that ice cream was not a food, and, finding a magistrate who agreed with this view, a number of the small restaurants were fined for selling ice cream on the Lord's Day. One man had the temerity to appeal to a higher court, and the judgment was reversed. This made the Lord's Day Alliance very angry. Their chief pusher said he "would take the case over the Judge's head, and if that failed he would have the Act amended," and "assured the public that no stone would be left unturned to have the mischief averted that this decision would cause."

A man came down to his office to write a letter to his sweetheart one Sunday. Some spy 'phoned the police, who promptly called, and two days after he was fined two dollars for this crime.

Druggists who keep open on Sundays have been in the habit of selling cigars. The Lord's Day Alliance got after them and had a number fined. One druggist appealed, alleging that tobacco was a drug, and produced such strong expert evidence in support of this claim that the decision of the police magistrate was again overruled, amidst howls from the Lord's Day Alliance.

Here is the kind of Sunday law this holy Alliance wants, and the fight still goes on:—

Street cars not to run. No postage-stamps, cigars, papers, ice cream or refreshments to be sold. No bands to play. No ferries, steamers or trains to run. To close all canals, private clubs, barber shops. No Sunday funerals to be permitted. No milk delivery. Sunday golf to be stopped. All stores to close Saturday night at 9 p.m.

Sunday excursions have been already stopped.

It would take up too much space to tell of all the dirty, dishonourable tricks employed to secure convictions, but enough has been given to show the necessity of a John Bull League in Canada, particularly in Toronto. I hope you will see a way to open a branch here.

SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

The King and Queen of Spain have two things for complete happiness—a baby and a gramophone. We can supply you with the same on easy terms.

Notice.—In accordance with the provisions of 26 and 27 Vict., ch. 115, poison has been laid down for the preservation of game.

For Sale, Yarmouth bloaters, with the delicious flavour of 50 years ago.

Motor-cyclist (20) seeks sit. among motors; educated, smart, interested in motors.—Address, Motor, &c.

Wanted, Stars for the Canaries with vacant dates.

Domesticated Yorkshirewoman seeks sit. as housekeeper to elderly gentleman; lady preferred.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

A Library of Instruction in Music.

The aim of "The Musical Educator" is to supply, in compact form, a complete Musical Edu ation. Each department of musical knowledge is undertaken by an expert, and the work is an authoritative guide on everything relating to Music and Singing. The illustrations are particularly valuable; they portray the different instruments, attitudes in playing, &c., and include Five beautiful Frontispieces, and Reproductions of valuable Photographs.

We would especially draw attention to the following names of Leaders in the Musical world, and of the subjects for which they are responsible. The practical value of these sections will be apparent to all students and professors of music and singing.

MARK HAMBOURG.
"The Piano and How to Play it."

EDWIN H. LE MARE.
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MADAME MARCHESI.
"The Teaching of Singing."

JOHN DUNN.
"On Playing the Violin."

Dr. F. H. COWEN.
"The Art of Conducting."

The titles of a few of the sections are appended; every section is written by an expert.

Course on Voice Training, Singing, and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. On the Violin. On Harmonium and American Organ. On the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. On Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Analysis and Composition. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Bands. History of Music. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill, on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians. Article on Musical Degrees. Nationality in Music.

Appreciations.

Sir J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., Organist at Westminster Abbey:

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BELGIANS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

The Belgian lion at Waterloo is admirably typical of this mongrel race. Appropriately enough, it has its tail between its legs. I am given to understand that the Belgians now imagine that they won the battle, though, as a matter of fact, if my memory serves me, they ran away. Was not it George III. or IV., or some such Hanoverian prince who suffered from a similar delusion and appealed to the Duke of Wellington for confirmation, only to receive the sarcastic reply: "I have often heard your Majesty say so"? This prince ought certainly to have been a Belgian. Perhaps he was; the ancestry of his family was singularly mixed.

Cleopolde.

Anyhow, his late Majesty Leopold, though a Coburger, was essentially a Belgian. He had all the commercial instincts, the savage cruelty, the selfishness, the decadence, the cynicism, the low mind, the degraded tastes, the miserly instincts which go to make up the Belgian character. His wife used to pray to God every morning and night of her life that she might die and escape from his cruelty. He prevented one of his daughters from attending her mother's funeral, and reduced another to abject poverty.

The Congo Tyrant.

He was personally responsible for all the barbarous atrocities committed in his Congo State, and did not care two pins how many legs and feet were amputated, how many fiendish tortures were inflicted, so long as he could add to his bloated savings. And, at the same time, he would cynically proclaim the contentment and happiness, almost the democratic liberties, of his black subjects. I remember an eloquent cartoon on the subject. The old man with the fan-shaped Assyrian beard was represented face to face with a mob of Africans, inviting them to hold up their hands in favour of his rule, but all they could hold up was a forest of bleeding stumps.

R. I. P.

He has gone to his heavy account and may safely be left to the judgment of God and the judgment of posterity. But his loving and dutiful subjects remain. A cursory examination of their character and civilizing influence may not, therefore, be out of place.

Les Braves Belges.

French people, of course, are rude, disgusting animals, dirty, offensive and brutal. Their shortcomings, however, are chiefly those of children, and, no doubt, child-lovers might contrive to find something attractive in their irresponsible chatter, unsophisticated jokes, undeveloped minds. But Belgians have no redeeming softness or innocence. Like other half-breeds, they reproduce all the faults and none of the charms of their ancestors. They always remind me of Aztecs, little people with little minds, shrivelled senses, low cunning, meticulous meanness. Even the French despise them.

Atavism.

From the Walloons and the Flemish, they derive their ugliness, their Teutonic rudeness, their fatness and laziness, but none of the courage or artistic genius which were to be found in the Low Countries two or three hundred years ago. From the French, they derive their instability, their faithlessness, their cynical levity, but none of the redeeming qualities of the Latin race. They speak all languages like foreigners, they create nothing, they do no good to themselves or anybody else, they afford no excuse for their continued existence. They are more like monkeys than men, except that monkeys are far more engaging.

Brussels.

Their capital is a poor imitation of Paris, with ugly grey boulevards and staring stucco houses. It conveys an impression of ostentation and sham, never of distinction or magnificence. Even their horses look like rats. As for their amusements, they are always run on sordid commercial lines. In order to have any chance of success, their entertainments must either be indecent or horrible. I am told that their favourite show consists in cinematographs displaying every detail of the most disgusting operations performed in hospitals. They are above all things, indoor people. Taking exercise or a cold bath or a gallop is entirely foreign to their temperament. They play at having an army, but they know very well that they will never have any fighting to do. Unless, of course, there is a revolution, in which case both sides will probably compete for the chance of being the first to run away.

In politics, they all rush to the most extravagant extremes. Either they are clericals of the narrowest or most superstitious type, or else they are Socialists and Anarchists of the most uncompromising kind.

Hopeless.

Of course, a little country can have few ambitions nowadays. Even the Balkan States can scarcely hope to emulate the example of Prussia or Savoy. Belgium and Holland must be content to consider themselves very lucky if they escape being eaten up by their powerful neighbours. They can cherish no hopes of expansion, and they evidently possess no gifts of colonisation. Probably they would secure certain advantages from being gobbled up, but they would certainly dislike the constraint of decent government and the liability to be called upon to fight. At present, their politics are chiefly concerned with low finance, the finance of the bucket-shop and the emotions of the casino. For a consideration, any swindler is allowed to open a hell where strangers and pleasure-seekers are fleeced in the most cynical way. Such practices, of course, are against the law, but bribes and influence reduce the law to a farce until even M. Marquet is allowed to continue his career as a card-sharper so long as he pays toll to the authorities.

The new constitutional monarch is said to be honest and well-meaning. Whether that will secure him a welcome or even toleration remains to be seen. So far, there have been no signs of Belgian patriotism or ambition, and it is not probable that a silk purse will ever be made out of a sow's ear. But the effort is worth making, even if it leads to revolution, which may pave the way to annexation. Too much independence is the secret of the degeneration of Belgium.

THE WAR OFFICE AND PAYMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

Referring to our article of last week upon bribery at the War Office, a correspondent writes to us to say that there are other things to be complained about in the dealings of that department. They are, he says, very bad paymasters:—

> I know of several contractors who have not been paid for the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres yet, some accounts owing since last July. One firm have written time after time for their money, and can get no response. Another firm about to issue a writ for their amount.

We have no desire to be unjust to the War Office, and therefore we must point out that whilst we have no doubt there are cases of delay in payment such as our correspondent describes, they are not always, or perhaps often, due to the fault of the War Office officials. They are due rather to the erroneous accounts sent in by contractors, which necessitate examination and revision, necessarily occupying a considerable time. Contractors often make charges, for example, of extras, which ought not to be in their bill, and sometimes they make the War Office indebted to a quite fanciful extent. Let us illustrate this by a case within our knowledge. A firm sent in a detailed statement claim on a schedule contract, and represented that they had some £6,000 odd to come to them. The accounts were examined, this work taking about six weeks, and the result was that the actual amount due to the firm, was, roughly speaking, £300. We may be told that it is quite impossible that any leading firm of contractors like the one to which we are referring could have made a mistake of this kind. It is none the less true, and the explanation is this. In making up the account the contractors included certain items for the payment of which they had no right to ask until the job was done,—*i.e.*, they claimed payment for unfinished work.

We believe that enquiry would show that in almost every case where there is delay in the payment of accounts by the War Office it is due more or less to the necessity for examining and revising bills which represent overcharges and necessitate correspondence.

ELM COTTAGE.

To S.G.H.—My dear boy, I cannot believe you are void of all love and thought for me and the dear ones you have left. Do, do come or write; we will send you money if you will only communicate. Do not refuse my appeal; am broken hearted.—Mother.

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THE ELECTION SMILE.

THE SMILE THAT *WILL* COME OFF.

By BETSEY CANDID.

The above epidemic is spreading rapidly across the features of the nation—a medical dictionary gives its scientific name as *electio-smilitis*—and experts are only too certain that the disease will go on increasing in virulence during the next few weeks, at a pace almost unprecedented.

This year there is a sensational development in this national scourge. It is attacking women in a way it has never done before in any serious numbers. For now some of the most acute cases of new and curious forms are to be found not only in the Ladies' Associations groups, but wandering about clubs and drawing-rooms, or standing on your own door-step, fixed there, and waving pamphlets. There are still, of course, as usual, the old Universal Brotherhood of Man cases, the Temperance Reformer cases, the absentee-landlord Unionist-Candidate cases, the beneficent brewer cases, and the I-must-get-there-anyhow cases, amongst the rank and file of men, as there always have been in former visitations of this plague. But undoubtedly the worst sufferers are the lady canvassers.

The symptoms of the mania are unmistakable.

The infected persons usually visit you suddenly and violently at eight o'clock in the evening when you are halfway through dinner, or at ten-thirty in the morning when you are superintending the washing-list, or hanging pictures in the spare bedroom, in a non-reception blouse. The only possible alternative times seem to be two-fifteen in the afternoon when everyone has indigestion, or eleven-forty-five at night when everyone has gone to bed.

The sufferers rush past the frightened maid and demand to see you, in loud accents. You find them standing quivering with energy in the middle of a drawing-room without a fire, clutching desperately at stacks and stacks of printed papers and diving into little crocodile leather bags. Over their almost fiercely pleasant faces the dread smile is not only spread and won't come off, but has the really awful appearance of being fixed on by means of some deadly machinery.

They push it forward at you, talking hard, and crushing quantities of printed matter into your unwilling hands. They are so haggard and strenuous and flushed and feverish and their hair is so "endy," and their hats are tossed about at such angles—why do politics always affect the set of hats so horribly?—that your only emotion, after dismay, is intense, real, voiceless pity; necessarily voiceless, as they do all the talking, and that incoherently. Having overwhelmed you into rigidity, they forcibly extract from you a promise of your vote for the wrong man as the price of their departure, fix you with the terrorism of that machinery smile, and depart as frantically as they came. This form should be classified as "virulent," and marked "quarantine"—and kept there.

The Absentee or Aristocrat, or member of any other race or calling that has lost its character, has a totally different form of the disease. His consists of an effulgent beamishness which is almost oily. Either on a platform surrounded by local supporters, and gazing pleasantly from side to side to show how harmless he really is, or calling upon you in company with an ingratiating agent and shedding smiles upon you, your furniture, your dogs, servants and children all alike—this universal and treacular benevolence is unnerving and greasy in effect, and after the patient has gone you instinctively look to see whether the locks and hinges of the doors run more smoothly. After it they should fairly slip along. Douches of cold water at intervals are good for this variety.

Another group of bad cases are the indignant Revolutionists, Red Wreckers, and clarion-voiced Cranks who have nothing to offer, but everything to pull down. In this division the smile assumes the kind of grin hitherto only affected by pantomime giants; that is, a drawing back of the lips from the teeth and a screwing up of the nose-corners accompanied by the glare of a perfectly immovable eye. The prescription for this kind would be a black face-cap, such as executed persons wear.

It is some relief to know that the disease is not infectious. On the contrary, it seems to produce on all other faces that come in contact with its own an expression of blank bewilderment approaching idiocy. This, though not becoming, is safer.

THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY.

By R. M.

Peterkin the Poet sauntered along Oxford Street. Although the hour was late and the night dark and gloomy, he was in no hurry. Poets never are in a hurry. It is their habit to take things quietly, when there are any things for them to take, which is seldom.

Peterkin had an excuse for idling his time away. He knew that his garret, the four-pair-back, was cold and draughty, being just under the roof. Of course, that made it all the nearer to the stars.

He found he kept himself much warmer by walking about. It helped the circulation, and he could study humanity, and think. Peterkin was a poet who thought more than he wrote. Philistines said he wasted his time that way, but he called it waiting for an inspiration. He often had to wait a long, long while.

Everybody seemed to be going home, except Peterkin. He seemed to be going just nowhere. It was a way with him. He loved to start from anywhere and arrive nowhere. People said his poems were just like himself.

What struck him as most curious was that everybody appeared hilarious on this particular night, everybody except himself. Gaiety was in the air, late as it was. Even the stolid policemen were affected by it. Peterkin thought it strange that only he should be sad at night time in Oxford Street. His melancholy generally had such a deal of company.

And then he suddenly saw a figure that seemed sadder still, even sadder than a poet. It was a thin, shivering, meanly-clad, bent, old, old man, who came shuffling towards him from Hyde Park way. The old chap coughed asthmatically and limped with a rheumatic limp. His eyes, deep in his furrowed face, peered at the people who noticed him not, with the exception of one or two heartless creatures who pointed the finger of scorn. The gaze he gave them was not angry; it was pitying.

Peterkin felt in his pocket. There was very little there; only a copper or two. You see, he was a poet.

He put himself in the old man's path. "Sir," he said, raising his cap, "Sir, you seem old and in trouble."

"What's that to you?" coughed the old man.

"Sir," said Peterkin, "I would assist you."

"You are a fool," said the old man, angrily.

"I am a poet," said Peterkin.

"It is the same thing," said the old man.

And just then Big Ben began to boom out the hour of midnight. You could hear the solemn strokes echoing across the park and pulsing into Oxford Street, where they stood, the poet and the ancient.

At the first boom of the bell the old man grew positively frightful. "Out of my path," he cried; "how dare you stop me?"

And, waving his stick, he started spasmodically forward as Peterkin skipped hastily aside. The poet was startled at the sudden movement and gazed after the hurrying figure for one brief moment, but it was swallowed up in the blackness of the night.

"Why," mused Peterkin, "it might almost be said that the old gentleman vanished! I wonder where he is?" Almost mechanically, he turned to follow, going Citywards. But instead of seeing an old man flitting through the dark, he suddenly perceived what looked like a ray of light coming from the East, and in it, surrounded by it, glorified by it, strode with jaunty steps a tiny boy.

"Hallo, young shaver," cried Peterkin; "it is rather late for you to be out, isn't it?"

"Late?" laughed the urchin. "Not a bit of it. It's early for me. This is my first appearance."

"Did you," asked the poet anxiously, "did you meet a poor old gentleman just now?"

"Yes," said the boy. "I met him as I came from the East. That was old Nineteen-Nine."

"Dear, dear!" said the poet, whose wits were wandering. "He seemed in a dreadful hurry to leave me."

"Oh, he had to go," said the boy. "But I intend to stay with you quite a long time."

"Really?" said Peterkin. "That will be nice. And what is your name, may I ask?"

Just then the clangour and clashing of a hundred bells broke upon his ear.

Yet through it all he heard the little boy saying, "My name? Oh, I'm young Nineteen-Ten!"

MR. SANDOW AND "JOHN BULL."

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS WHEREBY "JOHN BULL" READERS MAY OBTAIN MR. SANDOW'S ADVICE ON THEIR HEALTH FREE OF COST.

In the interests of its readers, "John Bull" instituted a searching investigation of the Sandow Treatment of Curative Physical Culture, and as a result of its inquiry, "John Bull" published in its issue of October 3rd, 1908, an article which gave full acknowledgement to the wonderful success Mr. Sandow had achieved in effecting cures of various ailments, many of a serious character, without medicine, both at his Institute of Curative Physical Culture, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and by correspondence with patients at their homes. That well-known newspaper, "Truth," also thoroughly investigated the records of cases treated at the Sandow Institute, and was able to announce the marvellous percentage of 94 cures in every 100 cases of illness, and that 99 in every 100 patients treated had received substantial benefit. Arrangements have now been made whereby readers of "John Bull" desiring Mr. Sandow's personal advice on the suitability of their cases for exercise treatment may obtain same at no expense to themselves or obligation to accept the advice given, either by calling upon him or by writing him for a copy of booklet dealing with their particular illness or condition from the list given below.

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Day by day the fame of what Mr. Sandow is accomplishing with the exercise cure is spreading, therefore it is particularly gratifying to be able to convey to the readers of JOHN BULL particulars of an arrangement by means of which every reader who is either ill or out of a condition of perfect health, or not so well physically developed as he or she would like to be, may either call upon or write to Mr. Sandow telling him what the trouble is and he will carry out the offer particularised above.

When one considers how busy a man Mr. Sandow is—for probably there is no specialist in the world more sought after than he is to-day —readers of JOHN BULL will appreciate what this offer means. He has arranged that readers of JOHN BULL who call upon or write to him can obtain the benefit of his preliminary consideration and advice without cost, and if they are found to be cases in which he can do good, they may then secure his treatment, either at his Institute at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., or at home by correspondence at a very small cost.

It must not be thought that scientific exercise treatment is a severe and trying form of cure; there are no weights to lift, no strains to be undergone. Children, women at all periods of their lives, men of thirty, fifty, seventy, eighty or more years, can all find in Mr. Sandow's advice a means of regaining lost health, and very often obtaining glorious, vigorous vitality for the first time in their lives. Those who, owing to sedentary occupations, are becoming too stout, can learn from Mr. Sandow how to naturally dispose of, and eliminate from their bodies not only the fat, but the causes which create it, so that they subsequently avoid a repetition of the trouble.

Lady readers who suffer from curvature of the spine or other skeletal deformities can, without the use of instruments, gradually and thoroughly and pleasantly bring their bodies to as perfect a state as their at present more fortunate sisters enjoy.

That large class of readers who suffer from asthma, catarrh, and other chest complaints, can strengthen their chests and the organs of their bodies until these troubles become a thing of the past. Then, again, another important group—and there must be hundreds of JOHN BULL readers who belong to this class, namely — those who through irregularity of the functions have become dyspeptic, troubled with indigestion, constipation, insomnia, or that awful palpitation, the curse of so many lives, can now find that each and every one of these conditions is thoroughly cured by Mr. Sandow's method.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of all in telling JOHN BULL readers of this offer is that, however long one may have suffered, however many different drugs or patent medicines one may have swallowed without any good effect, Mr. Sandow's exercise cure can be relied upon to bring about the desired relief.

These facts may seem to have been expressed in very glowing terms; but one who has seen and has been in touch with hundreds of ill people and noted the change which came often with the first week following Mr. Sandow's exercise prescriptions, can do nothing else but use the strongest language at command to ensure that those who suffer shall not neglect this opportunity of calling upon Mr. Sandow personally, or if this is impossible, of taking this opportunity of writing to him for the booklet dealing with the ailment for which treatment is desired from the list printed on this page.

SANDOW'S HEALTH LIBRARY.

Vol.	Fully Illustrated.	Vol.	Fully Illustrated.
1.	Indigestion and Dyspepsia.	13.	Lack of Vigour.
2.	Constipation and its Cure.	14.	Physical Deformities in Men.
3.	Liver Troubles.	15.	Physical Deformities in Women.
4.	Nervous Disorders in Men.	16.	Functional Defects in Speech
5.	Nervous Disorders in Women.	17.	Circulatory Disorders.
6.	Obesity in Men.	18.	Skin Disorders.
7.	Obesity in Women.	19.	Physical Development for Men.
8.	Heart Affections.	20.	Everyday Health.
9.	Lung and Chest Complaints.	21.	Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
10.	Rheumatism and Gout.	22.	Figure Culture for Women.
11.	Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure	23.	Insomnia.
12.	Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.	24.	Neurasthenia.

Select the volume that deals with the ailment suffered from the above list, fill in the application form below and forward it to Mr. Sandow as directed, and you will receive a copy post free and free of charge.

"John Bull" Special Form for Obtaining Mr. Sandow's Advice and Literature Concerning the Sandow Treatment.

Arrangements have been made by which Mr. Sandow will, without any charge, study the cases of "John Bull" readers who can call upon him or fill in this coupon, and send a personal letter giving his opinion upon the suitability of their cases for a complete cure by scientific exercises. At the same time he will forward also, without charge, a copy of the book selected by the inquirer from the Health Library detailed above.

Please send me a copy of Vol. ..... together with your opinion as to whether mine is a case for a cure by scientific exercise.

Please state whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or Title.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

My age is.....

Occupation.....

I have suffered from.....

Since.....

Give here full particulars of your present condition and symptoms, etc., continuing on a sheet of your ordinary note-paper if necessary.

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Post to EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Kaiser, Berlin, Germany.

MINE TEAR WILHELM,—I dis letter write you to say I hope der new year goes well mit you und to say to you Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! so dot we be like broders dot haff each der oder round der neck for der auld lang syne und der peace mit honour—der peace dot pass all der understandinks und der honour dot whas not among der teives.

But what for special I write to you is dis. I read in der *Frankfurter Zeitung* dot der Government which you whas now der silent member more dan in oder years, wish to make der *rapprochement*, der *entente cordiale*, mit mineselluf und mine peoples so dot der sensations about der *Dreadnoughts*, und der guns, und der trade come to der full stop what mine oder friendt Jacques Bonhomme he call *immediate-ment*, or at der ver latest as soon as both of us no more tamfool are. So I say to you dis, mine tear Wilhelm, if your German Government it wish to make friendts mit me all der whiles I on you haff der eye, you make no *Dread-noughts* not so fast und I make dem no more so slow, den all der *Taily Mails* und der Platchforts und der oder peoples dot know nodings at all except der way to sell der ha'penny papers und make der tamrow wherever one whas not pefore, shut oop, und not one wordt more to say haff. Dis whas so goot dot I you give der shakehand on it, but if der German Government tink dot it whas not goot, den I tole you, Wilhelm, dot you keep not more der watch um Rhine dan I keep the watch on der Elbe und der Nordsea. Tink der Teuton catch der lion mit shuteye und der weasel asleep, eh? Go hon! Mit mine handt on mine heart.

JOHN BULL.

To the Magistrates, Police Court, Aston, Birmingham.

SIRS,—In common with many other of his Majesty's justices you appear to think that when a police case fails it is the duty of magistrates to save the face of the police. Take it from me that you are wrong. If evidence in the Aston Police Court goes for anything at all, there was not the slightest reasonable ground for charging the tram driver Evans with being drunk while in charge of his car. I have not the shadow of a shade of doubt that he was as sober as the policeman who arrested him. What in the eyes of this policeman was the sign of the driver's inebriety?—that in a passing glimpse he obtained of the man as the car passed over the points the officer saw him sway on the platform. The police inspector who received the driver into custody at the station admitted in cross-examination that there was not much the matter with him. Two tram inspectors and the conductor of the car said the driver was sober. The doctor who examined him said he was sober. The testimony, apart from that offered by the man in his own behalf, was so strongly in his favour that you were compelled to dismiss the case.

But you went out of your way to add that the case was "a very proper one for the police" to have brought forward, and in that remark you put the stigma of suspicion upon a defendant you had determined to discharge, in order to give an undeserved testimonial to the police. If I am to make a guess what was in your minds, you saw that the police had made a bad blunder, and you wanted to whitewash them. They may applaud your good nature; I can only find words to censure your unfairness and your folly. You are not magistrates to glorify the police in their prosecutions, but to represent the King in his justice. In future, be good enough to remember this.

JOHN BULL.

To Police-Sergeant Reynolds, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton.

DEAR SERGEANT,—Unfortunately, I do not know the name of the medical man who would not attend Ernest Perser, thrown out of a toboggan on the slopes of Lower Green, unless his fee was paid to him. It always affords me pleasure to give a doctor of this kidney as handsome an advertisement as is legitimately possible, though I gather that the local papers have other ideas on the subject, for they carefully suppress his name. Though the doctor would not attend, and the lad had to be left on the snow for some time without attention, I am glad that when you arrived you were able by your skill in First Aid to prevent the simple fracture of the lad's leg from becoming a compound one. You broke up the toboggan, made splints of it, bound up the leg with scarves and handkerchiefs, took off your coat, wrapped the lad in it, and conveyed him to the hospital. It was a fine display of humanity, policemanship, and doctoring in one, Sergeant, and I congratulate you. You are hereby recommended to the favourable notice of your superior officers.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Edgar Jacob, D.D., Bishop of St. Albans, Woodford, Essex.

MY LORD BISHOP,—I perceive that you have concluded what purports to be an inquiry into the refusal of the Rev. T. E. Hill, the rector of Little Canfield, to publish the banns of a girl in his parish without previous Confession, but I regret that I can neither congratulate your lordship nor the rev. gentleman upon it. It was not an inquiry at all. What I understand from your report is that you have merely caused yourself to be informed, through the rural dean, of the defence of the rector to the charges publicly made against him. On his part, the rural dean appears to have obtained statements from the girl's mistress, whom she left with the object of getting married, and from the rector himself; and on this "evidence" you issue a report which tacitly censures the rector, notwithstanding the obviously painful efforts you make to protect him.

You say you can find no evidence that the rector insisted on Confession as a condition of the publication of banns, and that you are convinced he simply wished to be assured of the girl's penitence. But the girl herself says Confession was demanded, her mother says it was demanded by the rector in her interview with him, and the reporter of the scandal who obtained a statement from the rector says the rev. gentleman admitted he had demanded it. Yet your lordship does not appear to have sought or obtained statements from any of these persons. And then there is the fact that he did not perform the ceremony of marriage, and that when the banns were put up in another parish, six miles distant, he interfered by threatening the vicar with ecclesiastical action, so that the banns there had to be published over again.

And with all your lordship's brave efforts to exculpate this notorious rector, what are your admissions? "Whether it was quite wise of him," you say, "to insist on the young woman seeing the matron of a maternity home may be doubtful, and he used language at times which gave the impression that he was about to insist on a formal Confession to himself. . . The rector may have committed an error of judgment in his method of dealing with the young woman, but——" So that, my lord, when all is favourably said that you can say through the sympathetic, partial, and insufficient "inquiries" of the rural dean, the rector of Little Canfield stands condemned. The conduct of the rector in this matter is as little creditable to the State Church through which such things can be done as it is to the professor of religion at its altar and in its pulpit who does them in its name.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Board of Guardians, Weymouth.

SIR,—I need not say that I hope the President of the Local Government Board will decline to confirm the extraordinary appointment of Mr. and Mrs. Coombe as master and matron of your workhouse. Your Board had before them several candidates qualified by long service for the post. All these were rejected in favour of the two candidates named, though they had no qualifications at all, and, indeed, were shut out from the appointment by the age limit advertised. I do not hold, however, that this breach of the age requirement, though technically unfair to other candidates, should have barred the man and woman if their experience and abilities were ahead of those of other candidates. The facts are quite otherwise. The man in the case had no experience of the duties. On the contrary, he was foreman of a local iron-works; and I put it to you that if he had not been the son of one of your members, and if that member had not used his influence among you in his son's favour, he would have had as much chance of being elected as the nearest purveyor of fried fish or of hot potatoes.

I can understand why the Clerk advised the successful candidate not to give up his old situation until his appointment had been confirmed by the Local Government Board. That advice, I think, will prove to have been both sound and kind. Mr. Burns is still at his post, you should remember.

JOHN BULL.

R. D. Muir, Treasury Counsel.

Hearty congratulations on sending a witness to sleep by your cross-examination. Surely a forensic record.

BULL.

Sir George Lewis.

Congratulations on the close of your career without serious accident. Why not stand for Parliament at once? Business politicians are rare and your advice would be useful to some of our ministerial hot-heads. Otherwise I see nothing for you but to cut out Lady Cardigan and write spicy reminiscences.

BULL.

THE BATTLE IS NOW RAGING.

"Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'"—*Macaulay ("Lays of Ancient Rome").*

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Cheaper Money Promises Active Business—South Africans, West Africans and Rubbers in Favour—The Rise in Mexican Southern Ordinary—Optimistic Sentiments.

Now that we have entered the New Year the first obvious change is that to lower call rates and still lower rates of discount, and with three months' fine Bank Bills easily discounted at 3¼ per cent. and six months' at 3 per cent. it is obvious that the official minimum must be reduced from 4½ per cent.—probably to 3½ per cent., for it does not seem to be a case for two bites at a cherry. Large sums are being released in interest on the Funds and in other dividends, and although in certain circles some nervousness—real or simulated—is expressed at the difficulties of our budgetless condition, there is really not the slightest ground for apprehension. The South African gold consignments will in future probably be retained here, although the gold returning from Egypt may have to go to the Bank of France in repayment of recent loan operations. But the Continent generally has surmounted the annual monetary squeeze and is not likely to require large supplies of the precious metal just now. With cheaper money a fresh stimulant will be provided for the Stock Markets, and it is pretty safe to predict that the public demand will in the first instance affect such stocks as are already prime favourites, viz., *South* and *West African Gold* and *Diamond Mines, Rubbers,* and *Home Rails.* The fact that all the dividends for the second half of 1909 have now been declared will enable me to place a yield table of dividend-paying Kaffir shares before my readers based on the actual distributions of the whole year 1909. With the Yankee Market I dealt specially in last week's issue. By dint of judicious borrowing in London the Wall Street financiers have very creditably avoided any real money squeeze, and they now seem to have passed into safer market conditions. This circumstance is also bound to benefit *Canadian Securities,* and notably *Canadian Pacifics,* which have advanced to 187½ x.d., and should go on to 200. A considerable appreciation has already taken place in Foreign Government Stocks, especially in *Japanese, Brazilians* and *Argentines,* all of which I had recommended and which still have a margin for a further rise. *Colombia,* notwithstanding all the rumours to the contrary, has paid the January coupon, and the Government has also been able to honour its railway guarantees. It is difficult to see why the apprehensions of default were not at once dealt with. *Perus* are firming up again, and should take a jump as soon as the Peruvian Government loan is floated in Paris. With Foreign Rails I have repeatedly dealt during the last three months, and amongst others *Mexican Railway Second Prefs.,* recommended by me from 71½ upwards, are now higher at 78½, *Antofagasta Def.* have risen to 126, and *Buenos Ayres and Pacific* from 88 to 94½. I am more especially proud of having spotted *Mexican Southern Ordinary* (now a rent charge on the *Interoceanic of Mexico,* interest rising from 3½ to 5½ per cent.) at 93. With this I dealt on December 18, under the heading "A well-secured 5 per cent. Investment," the result of which has been a rise to 98½, readers of John Bull, of course, appreciating a sound investment, when it is brought to their notice. Amongst gilt-edged securities *Colonial Inscribed Government* stocks have been in favour of investors, yielding as they do from 3½ to 3¾ per cent., and Consols have also hardened, but these as well as other Home Government stocks will probably not move much more until the General Election has run its course.

A Word with My Correspondents.

Readers of John Bull who are interested in the financial columns will have noticed that a great difficulty has arisen in the ever-increasing demands upon our space for replies to Financial and Insurance enquiries. The only remedy which presented itself seemed to be a small charge for such replies, and a notice that such enquiries must in future be accompanied by a postal order for 1s. was consequently inserted in last week's issue. This seems, however, to have been overlooked by many readers, as large numbers of enquiries continue to reach me, the majority of which are not accompanied by postal orders. I therefore take the opportunity of directing special attention to the notice preceding the Letter Box in order to save disappointment to those who wish to ensure replies.

Quebec and Lake St. John's Affairs—Canadian Northern's Attempt at a Bargain.

The affairs of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway have now reached such a pass that the time has evidently been deemed ripe by the Canadian Northern Railway to show their hand. They have accordingly put forward a scheme for the absorption of the line. The holders of the Prior Lien Bonds have nothing to grumble about, as they will receive in exchange an equal amount of new Four Per Cent. Consolidated Debenture stock guaranteed by the Canadian Northern Company, but the holders of the First Mortgage Bonds are offered only £60 thereof for every £100 now held, and of the Income Bonds, £10 for every £100. The scheme is all right from the Prior Lien Bondholders' point of view, and would make their security worth more than the present quotation of about 93. The junior stockholders, however, have justifiable ground for complaint, and it looks as if the Canadian Northern has for a long time been working the line with the object of ultimately getting it at its own price, which represents little more than the actual break-up value. The pistol that is held at the heads of the junior bondholders is that if they do not accept the offer in question, there is a risk of the Prior Lien Bondholders foreclosing on the property, and that they will thus get nothing at all. It seems to me, therefore, that although the Canadian Northern is posing as a philanthropist, it is a case of *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* At any rate, whatever its temporary misfortunes may be, there can be little doubt but that the Quebec and Lake St. John is of considerable importance to the Canadian Northern, and that if the latter were threatened with a serious possibility of the line passing into the hands of another and competing group, they would be more inclined to unbend from their present uncompromising attitude. For instance, a plan has been put forward by a holder of the junior securities, and which certainly deserves consideration, that the line should be put into the hands of a smart United States receiver, and sold to a strong group outside the Canadian Northern. The Ordinary shareholders, amongst whom, by the way, the Canadian Northern itself figures largely, could then be assessed to a sufficient extent to pay off the Prior Lien bonds. The traffics would immediately leave a sufficient margin over the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds to pay about 2½ per cent. dividend on the Income Bonds. Everything, of course, must depend upon the First Mortgage and the Income bondholders working together, in order to defeat the Canadian Northern's little game.

The Jungle Buoyant—The Market for 1910.

It is now generally anticipated that the Jungle will become *the* market for the year 1910. As explained on former occasions, additional capital to the tune of three millions sterling has been provided by leading South African houses and by the shareholders, and the result of the work that has been going on will appear in the course of the present year, especially when the extension of the Government railway from Tarkwa to Prestea is completed in a few months' time. The following comparative table shows the course of prices since the early years of the premature boom :—

Name.	Share.	Highest 1901-6.	Lowest 1908-9.	Highest 1909.	Present Prices.
Abbontiakoon	10s.	215-16	9s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	13s. 9d.
Abosso	£1	2	1⅛	3	2⅛
Ashanti Goldfields	4s.	6½	4s. 6d.	2 11-16	2 5/16†
Bibiani	16s. pd.	5½	3d.	19s. od.	12s. od.
Broomassie	£1	31s. 9d.	5s. 3d.	14s. od.	10s. 6d.
Cinnamon Bippo	£1	—	1⅛	3 1-16	2⅛
Effuenta	5s.	2⅛	5s. 3d.	10s. od.	8s. 3d.
Fanti Consolidated	10s.	5 3-16*	2s. 6d.	2s. 6d.	2s. od.
Fanti Mines	5s.	1⅛	6d.	12s. od.	1.s. od.
Gold Coast Amalgmtd. ..	£1	18	6s. 3d.	4½	5⅛
Himan Concessions ..	£1	2	2s. od.	17s. od.	1.s. od.
Obuassi Syndicate	5s.	9½	6d.	14s. od.	6s. 6d.
Offin River	£1	2⅛	4s. od.	15s. 6d.	13s. od.
Prestea Block "A" ..	£1	1⅛	6s. 6d.	35s. od.	35s. 6d.
Prestea Mines	7s. 6d.	2	6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.
Wassau	10s.	9½*	8s. od.	14s. od.	16s. od.

* Since reconstructed. † x d.

I have it on the authority of an expert who has just returned from West Africa that *Ashanti Goldfields, Abosso* (and with them *Taquah Exploration,* which hold a large block of these shares) and *Prestea Block "A"* will prove the most valuable mines. *Prestea Mines,* adjoining the *Prestea* "A," will be taken over by the latter, also the neighbouring *Anfargah,* which is controlled by Prestea Mines. Hence Prestea Mines, which I recommended the other day at 7s. 6d., have risen to 10s. 6d., and are likely to improve further, as will, no doubt, many of the above shares, which are still very cheap, considering the very huge properties owned by the companies.

WALDORF HOTEL.

We are glad to hear that this hotel has done a very lucrative business during the autumn. The result should be a favourable statement in respect of the second year's trading. Waldorf ordinary shares should prove a promising investment at present prices.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.—Owing to the ever-increasing demands upon our space for replies to Financial and Insurance Enquiries, we have been compelled to make a rule that in future a postal order for 1s. must accompany each inquiry—which must reach us not later than first post Friday morning in order to be dealt with in the following issue of our journal.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but as tokens of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

KENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—A. G. N.—Thanks for P.O. Please to let me have the society's last balance-sheet, when I will give you my opinion—of course, without any further charge.

BIRKBECK BANK.—T. C. (London).—We know of no foundation for the rumours to which you refer.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—T. P. (London).—You appear to have had transactions upon the marginal system in Illinois—which, though quoted at a wide price, were not closed until there had been a fall of one point at middle quotation—Readings and Ontarios—which were closed when the margin was exhausted. Now that you have lost, you do not appear to be justified in complaining, as you were in possession of full information regarding this method of dealing before entering into the transaction.

BANK DEPOSITS.—G. W. R. (Dublin).—We do not recommend "banks" offering such a high rate of interest.

FARROW'S BANK.—F. R. (Cambridge).—An interesting and rising institution

BRIMSDOWN LEAD CO.—E. J. (Warrington).—We understand the company is doing better.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—F. B. C. (Exmouth).—I have looked through your papers, and I find that these outside brokers kept distinctly within their rights, and you do not expect them to be philanthropists. I daresay if you had dealt with a member of the Stock Exchange you would have made some money. The documents are returned.—WARY.—I think you had far better deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. At all events, I cannot guarantee the safety of any outside broker. DOUBTFUL (Ledbury).—(1 and 2) I never recommend outside brokers. (3) What you require has been forwarded. S. W. C.—I should advise you not to deal with either of these outside concerns, but with stockbrokers who are members of the London Stock Exchange. E. F. B.—Who, then, guarantees these outside brokers; who gives the guarantees? Have nothing to do with either of these concerns, but deal only with members of the Stock Exchange. ALDER.—Same reply, as to Gerson, Hamson and Co. I send you, as requested, the name and address of a respectable firm of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange. DOUBTFUL (Shorncliffe), J. D. J. (Bangor), A. B. C. (Woodside), C. W. (Huddersfield), J. H. T. (Willesden Green), MOSES GATE, E. T. R. (Redland).—All these are outside concerns of more or less doubtful repute. Some of them are extremely shady. I advise you to have nothing to do with them or with their dealings, in which you are bound to burn your fingers. A. Z. (Belfast).—Outside brokers, apparently very shady. Have nothing to do with them. Yes, they could plead the Gaming Act if they chose.

MONTENEGRO 5 PER CENT. GOVERNMENT LOAN.—C. F.—This is not high-class, and you can do better in stocks of Governments of better standing, or in other securities. You must not expect me to answer by letter.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—SIMS, A. L., CLYDE VALE.—I must refer you to paragraph on Premium Bonds and Lotteries which appeared in JOHN BULL on December 18th. It is quite impossible to do more. SPECULATOR (Wood Green), F. L. B.—Ditto.

£1,000 BOND PERUVIAN EXTERNAL DEBT.—P. G. B. (Camberwell).—This bond (Chilian Assets Balance Certificate, 5 per cent., 1872) is of no value, and there is no price for it.

PERPETUAL INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—MAX.—It is very unfortunate, but obviously unforeseen, and I am afraid you will have to make the best of the matter and take what you can get. The documents are returned in your envelope. J. C. W., A. M.—This society has evidently been hard hit by the land depression, and there is apparently nothing for it but to await an improvement with what patience you can.

NATIONAL FREE HOMES.—T. B. W.—I note what you say with regard to your inability to obtain an advance, but I do not see how I can help you. You had better consult a solicitor.

SMALL BUILDING SOCIETY.—JOSSER (Walthamstow).—I do not like these very small building societies, and consider that you would be far better advised to place your money in sound, marketable securities, where you can get almost as good a return. A. W. (East Dulwich).—I know nothing of particular detriment to this company, but you would be well advised, in your position, to keep your money in the P.O. Savings Bank.

RUSSIAN 4½ PER CENT., BUENOS AYRES 5 PER CENT.—SECURITY.—No reason to sell either; Russian 4½ per cent. is quoted at 98; City of Buenos Ayres 5 per cent., 53½ per cent. paid, at 55½.

SMALL SPECULATOR.—E. M. A. M. (Jamaica).—All I can do is to recommend some suitable firms to you, and I accordingly do so by post. I do not like any of the concerns in question.

LUCKY BOYS GOLD MINE.—C. W. S, (Northampton).—I must confess ignorance of this concern, but it does not commend itself to me, if only because of the unmarketability of the shares. The documents are returned in your envelope.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST.—M. B. (Bournemouth).—The matter is now under the jurisdiction of the Courts, where you must apply for this information through the liquidator.

£100 IN MINES.—DOUBLE EXE.—You might put this money into South Africans, such as Randfontein Central, Simmer Deep, Johannesburg Consolidated Investment. Messrs. Mathiesons, 16, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C., publish the little books you require.

ENGINEERING CONCERN.—W. A. (Sheffield).—I do not like the concern or its sponsors. Be very careful.

£200 4 PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—INVESTOR (Lowestoft).—(1) You cannot get 4 per cent. in British Corporation stocks. (2) Canadian Northern Railway 4 per cent. Debentures would be suitable. (3) See previous reply. (4) What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.

WEST AFRICAN MINES.—TYRO.—Certainly; for the amount you can buy sufficient low-priced shares. You should consult your stockbroker.

PRESTEA MINES.—ELMO.—What you require has been forwarded to you. Certainly, this is not too small an amount to invest in Prestea Mines, which are improving. (3) High rates of deposit are not compatible with absolute safety.

DURBAN ROODEPOORT.—CUMBERLAND.—You cannot do better than put £100 into Durban Roodepoort. It is a high-class mine, and the dividends are quite assured. (2) City and Suburban has only a very short life, and this accounts for the low price, considering the dividend just paid. It will eventually be sn.fled out. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.

TWO MINING SHARES.—CAREFUL.—Langlaagte Estate are already dividend-paying. West Rand Consols are on the road to dividends. Why not buy half of each, as they are both sound?

FANTIS.—CYMRO.—You cannot buy Fanti Consols any more at 23s. 6d., as they have advanced. Prestea Mines you can buy at 10s. to 10s. 3d. What you require has been forwarded.

SOUTHERN ALBERTA.—JOHN (Cork).—I think that with some patience you will see these shares still higher, the progress in the Dominion is so remarkable

ALUMINIUM CO.—ALEXANDER.—I think it might be worth while joining the reconstruction in connection with the Preference shares, though there is, of course, some risk connected with it.

CONSOLS.—SLOSNOC.—I really do not think you should give me puzzles to solve. My reply is that at the present price of 82⅛, Consols yield £3 0s. 6d. per annum.

MANCHESTER STOCKBROKER.—CAUTIOUS (Bolton).—I cannot give you any information about Manchester stockbrokers, but there are so many lions in the path as regards outside stockbrokers that I should advise you to deal only with a member of the London Stock Exchange, and I have forwarded in you envelope the name and address of a respectable firm who will deal fairly with you.

HOME RAIL PREFS.—BALHAM.—Some of the most tempting Preference shares are Great Central, and the 1879 5 per cent. at 108, 1881 5 per cent. Preference at 102, and the 1889 5 per cent. Preference at 73 are attractive, in view of the prospect that on the improved position of the company the Preference dividend will be paid down to the 1889 issue. Moreover, JOHN BULL, of December 25th contained a list of Preference and Preferred Ordinary stocks, from which you could make your selection. Stockbroker's commission is ¼ per cent. on the actual money, while the Government stamp transfer duty is also ¼ per cent., and 2s. 6d. registration fee for each company.

BREWERY DEPOSIT.—HOPEFUL.—(1) I do not think that this deposit is very safe, considering what might happen in connection with the General Election. (2) Under the circumstances, you should give notice and put the money into sound stocks. (3) Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary, Buenos Ayres Western Ordinary, and Brazilian Western of Minas will give you a good yield, and will certainly be safer than the deposit in question. (1) I have not a favourable opinion of this concern.

GRAND TRUNK GUARANTEED.—Z. W.—This stock is not gilt-edged, but the dividend should be safe enough, and you should not sell after the heavy fall.

GREAT CENTRALS.—NOSIRRAH.—It has been a case of hope deferred with Home Rails for a long time past, but there should be a fair prospect of an improvement in the New Year—politics permitting.

CONSOLS.—A. (Cork).—You can buy Consols through any broker; whilst as regards the Articles of Association of the company you mention, you are not entitled to them unless you are already a shareholder. I cannot answer your other question. F. G. L.—(1) Not unless he exchanges them against certificates. (2) Not much prospect of Consols going to 100 again. (3) According to the terms of issue. (4) No, the tax would be refunded if that is the *whole* income. (5) Certainly not.

LOW-PRICED MINES.—PAXTON.—It is quite a mistake to think that low-priced shares must also be cheap, and out of your long list of 14 companies the majority have fallen, owing to the outlook for them being very bad. I should only advise purchase of No. 6, as certain to rally distinctly, and perhaps Nos. 3 and 7. You can do better in Prestea Mines at 10s. 6d., Fanti Mines at 11s., New British Transvaal at 4s., etc. Your stockbroker can advise you.

MINES, ETC.—E. W.—A fair list, but instead of the mines in question, take dividend-paying South Africans, such as Van Ryn, Durban Roodepoort, etc.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—L. M. L. (Kensal Green).—It is an old-established and sound society. GARDEN (Letchworth).—The position of the company is quite sound. H. G. S. (Hampton Hill).—The second of the companies you name is a very sound one with nearly half a century behind it.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—TAILLIGHT (Paddington).—It is too soon as yet to say whether the capital of the Company will be sufficient to meet its obligations. In the event of there being any balance over, the Preference shareholders will be entitled to it, but the present price of these shares does not suggest much confidence in the market as to anything coming to them.

LIQUIDATION OF COMPANY.—MECHANICS (Buralem).—The company is, as you say, in liquidation, and the likelihood of your getting any portion of the compensation money due to you under your contract is of the slightest.

FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE COMPANY.—L. P. D. (Golders Green).—Our information is that the Company is under very respectable management. The question you put to us as to the drawings should be addressed to the Manager of the London Office of the Company.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—BILL (Reading).—(1) Yes, assuming that you paid premiums for three years, you would have three years' cash bonuses, which you can either take in cash or use to increase the face value of your policy, but irrespective of these bonuses, at the end of three years, if you want to stop, you could have £72 6s. cash, or a paid-up policy for £87 18s., payable in the event of your death, or payable to you personally if you lived at the end of ten years. Or the company would, without your paying any more premiums, continue the insurance for another seven years for the full £300, so that in the event of your death your estate would receive the face value of the policy, and, in addition, the bonuses that had been declared for the time you have paid premiums, if you had not drawn them, and if you survived the seven years, the company would then hand you personally £46 10s. If you lived the ten years, and continued your policy all through the time, you would then receive the £300, and in addition the ten years' bonuses.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—W. D. (Hythe).—The annual income of the first of the two companies you mention exceeds £170,000, and its invested funds are well over £450,000. With regard to its premium rates, as compared with the other life insurance companies you name, there is very little difference. There is a little variation here and there, but it is so trifling as to make the question of the premium payment of very little moment. But from the standpoint of freedom of contract and general privileges, the first-named company is much to be preferred. Comparing its general prospectus rates, etc., with those of the other company named, for an endowment at age 45, payable at age 60, its premium rate is £7 2s. 7d. per £100, as against £7 2s. charged by the other company. L. N. (Hove).—Of the two we should prefer the second you mention. It is a very fine society.—NEMO (Belfast).—Both are good, but since you are a total abstainer, we advise you to select the first of the two you name.

CLAIM UPON COMPANY.—H. L. (Walthamstow).—The sum seems small, but having regard to your loan, and to the fact that you are two years in arrears, the offer is explained. The company is, of course, bound by its contract with you, but as matters stand, you are largely at their mercy, and though what they offer may seem to you inadequate, we should be surprised to find that you are entitled to more.

GENERAL MUTUAL INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE CO.—J. M. (Wandsworth).—We cannot advise you to associate yourself with this concern.

THREE COMPANIES.—H. W. H. (Nottingham).—All three are in the front rank. Of the three you mention we prefer the third, a purely mutual office, the whole profits being divisible among the participating shareholders.

HUMAN DOCUMENT—LXXIII.

A SOLICITOR'S CLERK APPEALS FOR WORK.

We have had a visit from a man in sad plight. Something over 30 years ago he entered a solicitor's office in the North of England. There he remained until he became managing clerk, a position he held for many years. Two years ago he was retired. He has no grievance against his late employers. They gave him fair notice, a handsome testimonial, and a donation of £100. Since then he has been trying to get work without success. He has a sheaf of testimonials from gentlemen who came in contact with him when he was managing clerk. They include one from Mr. Lowther, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and one would wish for the good word of no better man. But though in excellent health, and exceptionally active, our visitor is over fifty; not much over, but still on the wrong side of fifty. Employers want younger men, and so, week after week, he has searched for work, till now his savings are gone, and he is within sight of starvation. His wife is dead, but he has three unmarried daughters, two of them in very delicate health. For over twenty years it has been his privilege to give a home to his widowed mother. In extreme old age she has had to search elsewhere for the provision of her simple wants, and this is among his greatest sorrows. Can any one of our readers offer this worthy man a helping hand. He is sober, energetic, competent, and would be thankful for work, however poorly paid. If anyone who reads this can see his way to offering him employment we shall be most happy to put him in touch.

With reference to Human Document No. 69, we have received the sum of 10s. 6d. from L. Riga, which has been remitted to the writer.

With reference to Human Document No. 70, we have received the following monies, which have been forwarded:—2s. 6d. from F. M.; 2s. 6d. from B. C. H.

With reference to Human Document No. 71, we have received the following monies, which have been forwarded to the writer:—10s., W. A. M.; 3s., A. N. O.; 7s. 6d., A. B.; 3s., L. B. H.; 10s. W. J. B.; 2s., L. M. A.; 10s. 6d. L. Riga.

We have received from F. S. C., 10s.; 20s., R. M. B.; 5s. H. J. W.; 3s., N.W.; 5s., "A JOHN BULL Reader;" 2s. 6d., A. S. H.; 2s., E.B.; 21s., "Excise Officials at Newcastle"; 10s., "Gamma," for Human Document No. 72, which has been forwarded to her.

"The L.C.C. and a Workman."—We have received, on behalf of Downham, the following monies:—2s. from T. M.; 1s., G. A. J.; 5s., W. J. S.; 2s. 6d., L.C.C. Motorman; 2s. 6d., A. E. S.; 7s. 6d., A. B.

"A Hard Case."—We have received, on behalf of Finch, postal order, which has been forwarded, 1s. from A. B. C.

With reference to a paragraph in our last issue regarding George Hillman and his Old Age Pension, we have to acknowledge the sum of 10s. from "Sussex," which has been remitted to him.

PERCIVAL'S PRINCIPLE; OR, A PEER'S PREDICAMENT.

DEAR JOHN,—I love a sweet young belle,
You'd love her, too, I'm sure,
If you but knew her half as well
As I do, though she's poor.
She asked me, only yesterday,
Which way I meant to vote,
The Free Trade, or the Tariff way,
My breath stuck in my throat.
I cursed the Fates that gave me birth
(Of course, beneath my breath),
I longed to drop right through the earth,
I longed, dear John, for death.
For if the truth you want to know,
I'm "Tariff" through and through;
Her father's a Free Trader—oh!
Please tell me what to do.

* * * * *

P.S.—Your counsel I rely upon;
Election-time draws near;
Please! please give me an answer, John,
Yours,—PERCIVAL—A PEER.

FRANK S.

1,000 Deaf People wanted for Free Treatment.

The sensational successes achieved in the treatment of apparently hopeless cases of deafness and Catarrh by what is known as DR. MOORE'S METHOD has determined the Directors to afford facilities upon a large scale for a great public demonstration of the overwhelming success of the Aerial Medication treatment. For this purpose we invite applications from all sufferers from

DEAFNESS OR CATARRH,

no matter how severe or of how long standing the cases may be. To 1,000 of these we offer Free (Home) Treatment upon bona fide lines of test. Letters are every day received testifying to the complete success of the treatment.

"I was afraid to cross the road, as I could not hear the traffic."

"My hearing was so bad I could not hear a clock ticking with ear pressed against it. I was frightened to cross a road or be out alone, as I could not hear the traffic. Since using aerial medication I have recovered the hearing in both ears and can hear anything, and my health is much improved. I consider this a most marvellous system, and gladly will I recommend it."—Mrs. L. A. LLOYD, Keeton Road, London, September 21st, 1909.

Deaf 12 years—Cured—11 years' good Hearing.

"I was deaf 12 years; scarcely able to hear public speaking, conversation, or a watch tick. Suffered greatly from Catarrh, sore throat, hoarseness, short breath, and impaired voice. The use of aerial medication ended all of these troubles 11 years ago, and my hearing has remained perfect and my health good ever since, which speaks well for the efficacy of this method."—GEO. SEDGWICK, Tiln Road, Retford, Notts, September 9th, 1909.

Deafness and Discharge from ears.

"Distressing noises, almost total deafness, and profuse discharge from both ears for 26 years, was my deplorable condition until I used aerial medication. In three weeks I began to discover strange new sounds, within a few months discharge and noises had stopped, and I could hear nicely, and it has been perfect ever since."—Mrs. BLACKMAN, Churchfield Road, Beckenham, September 15th, 1909.

Cured 10 years ago—well to-day.

"Influenza left my throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs in bad condition. I was greatly troubled with hoarseness, severe cough, and expectoration. I used aerial medication with most beneficial results. My voice is restored and have no cough, and throat, bronchial tubes and lungs are quite clear."

"I sent this testimonial 10 years ago, and if another would be of service to you I shall be glad to give it. I am sure for complaints of the breathing organs there is no equal to your treatment."—F. THOMPSON, Berwick Street, Bankland, Workington, Cumberland, September 10th, 1909.

FILL UP THIS FORM.

How long since your hearing began to fail?.....
Are both ears affected?.....
Can you hear a watch tick?.....
Have you noises in the ears?.....
Is the ear wax dry or scaly?.....
Is there a discharge from the ears?.....
Have you stopped-up feeling in head?.....
Discharge or stuffiness of nose?.....
Dropping of phlegm into throat?.....
Is your throat sore?.....
Is your voice affected?.....
Have you difficulty in breathing?.....
What treatments have you tried?.....
Name.....
Permanent address.....
Age.....
Occupation.....

Write name and address, with full particulars, on separate sheet to avoid mistake.

If you answer the above questions and send this form (with sixpence in stamps to pay actual cost of postage) to the Aerial Medication Institute, 210, Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., you will receive by return Parcel Post the method here described on loan, with medicines and everything necessary for ten days' free Treatment of your case in your own home. Don't conclude your case is incurable until you have tried this method.

THE WEEK-END

THE NEW HOME JOURNAL.

ON SALE TO-DAY. PRICE ONE PENNY.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES OFFERED TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Who can give the following Rhyme a Title?

The 24 most appropriate suggestions will entitle their Authors to places amongst the £100 prize winners.

Here is the well-known Nursery Rhyme:—

Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor doggie a bone.
When she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none.

This Rhyme wants a Title.
Give it that Title.
Example—"Cornered."

NOT MORE THAN A TWO-WORD TITLE WILL BE ALLOWED.

CUT OUT the Coupon printed below. Fill in your suggestion. Sign it. Post the Coupon with Postal Order for 6d. to THE WEEK-END Office, 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE WEEK-END IS ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, PRICE 1d.

£100 in Cash Prizes Guaranteed by THE WEEK-END

To be divided as follows:

FIRST Prize	...	£50
SECOND Prizes	...	£30 (2 of £15 each.)
CONSOLATION Prizes		£20 (20 of £1 each.)

Three Coupons are given. A Postal Order for 6d. must accompany each Coupon sent in.

"Mother Hubbard" Coupon.

The Title should be

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "The Week-End," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature—

.....

Address—

.....

.....

No. of Postal Order .....J. B.

"Mother Hubbard" Coupon.

The Title should be

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "The Week-End," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature—

.....

Address—

.....

.....

No. of Postal Order ..... J. B.

"Mother Hubbard" Coupon.

The Title should be

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "The Week-End," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature—

.....

Address—

.....

.....

No. of Postal Order ..... J. B.

THESE RULES MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

1.—The suggestion for the title must be plainly written on each coupon sent in.

2.—All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d., made payable to "The Week-End." *All postal orders sent in must have the name and address of sender written on the back thereof.*

3.—All letters sent in containing coupons must be marked "Title," and addressed to "The Week-End" Office, 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

4.—The Editor of "The Week-End" undertakes that every suggestion for the "Title" reaching him shall receive careful consideration by a competent staff; but his decision as to the prize-winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for coupons or postal orders lost or mislaid, although every care will be taken to ensure the safety of all.

5.—In the event of several competitors giving the same answers the Editor shall be at liberty to divide any or all of the prizes in such manner as he thinks fit.

6.—In consideration of the Proprietors of "The Week-End" guaranteeing the sum of £100 they are to be at liberty to retain for their own benefit any sum subscribed by competitors in excess of the £100.

7.—Entries will be received at any time up to first post delivery Monday, January 24th, and the result will be made known, if possible, in "The Week-End" of February 3rd.

8.—No Correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition.

THE GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY:

"THE WOMAN WHO SAVED THE WORLD."

THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY EVER WRITTEN.

Begins in

THE WEEK-END

TO-DAY, JAN. 6th.

Order Your Copy AT ONCE.

On Sale at all Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls, 1d.

OFFICES: 172, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BLACKPOOL, BEWARE!

A JOHN BULL LEAGUER CALLS ATTENTION TO A GRAVE SCANDAL.

We have no desire to say anything further derogatory of Blackpool, but we are bound to give publicity to the following report which reaches us from a member of the local branch of the John Bull League. We scarcely need add that our columns are open to an explanation :—

Preston is not the only place suffering from an epidemic of scarlet fever. Blackpool is suffering very seriously indeed, more so than in other years. I hear there are about one hundred children of one Council school down with it, and I know that a number of children who have been attending another of the Council schools are, and fresh cases frequently occur, and still the schools are not closed. In my opinion the epidemic is largely due to defective drains.

With regard to the rumour of one hundred children being down, I cannot vouch for it; but I do know that here, in South Blackpool, it is very bad indeed, and as before stated, fresh cases frequently occur, also the fever hospital is full, and has been for some time.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

With reference to a paragraph that appeared in the issue of JOHN BULL, of December 25th, in which complaint was made of the position in which the junior staff had been placed by the crisis in the affairs of the Society, we have received a letter from a member of the staff, who says that he writes at the request of his fellow clerks, in which he denies the statements of our correspondent. He says :—

(1) That a considerable portion of the staff have been transferred to the Guardian, or have obtained positions elsewhere.

(2) That those remaining (at present) are requisite to the proper conduct of the liquidation, and

(3) That he has not heard of a single discharge, nor any case of injustice or hardship in connection with the staff as a result of the liquidation.

We are happy to have the assurance, which is not unconfirmed, that the staff of the Society have suffered no unnecessary hardship at the hands of the liquidators.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

January 11th.—LORD CURZON.
India knelt at his feet.—*Swinburne.*

January 12th.—EARL OF CREWE.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew(e).—*Dryden.*

January 13th.—SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.
Look round, look up, and feel a moment's space,
That carpet making, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labour after all.
—*E. B. Browning.*

January 14th.—REV. WILSON CARLILE.
The (Church) army, like a serpent, goes on its belly.—*Frederick the Great.*

January 14th.—LORD LANSDOWNE.
And wary was that noble peer.—*Spencer.*

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

A SONNET.

With songs, and tinkling feet, and jocund strain,
With joy-bells dancing in your laughing eyes,
From haunts of ancient peace, and sunny skies,
Come, herald, brim our garners with the grain
Of yesteryear. Will England, blinded, chain
A rope of opals round her queenly throat,
To mar the radiance of her peerless note?
Barter the years of fatness for the bane,
And bale of baser days? I have scant fear.
Her tongue, betimes, may falter, and her voice
Fail; but the cunning of her hands is there—
Those blithe, resourceful phrasings, which rejoice
Us, with a thousand trills, and subtle graces—
Are still, of her full-throated harp, the bases.

M. L. R. BRESLAR.

"Electricity—The Road to Health"

The Ninth Edition of this Book has just been Published.

This interesting book, which is sent free to anyone asking for it, points out the road to happiness—health. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things the true lovers of health like to read. It will give them courage and enlighten them as to the cause and cure of their troubles. It will point out the pitfalls, and guide them safely to a future of strength and vitality. It is nicely illustrated, and tells how other people have suffered and how they have cured themselves. It gives the opinions of many noted physicians, and tells of their work. It is free, in a plain, sealed envelope, to all men and women who are interested in a true health-giver.

It is composed of six chapters. Part I. deals with the relation of health to happiness; gives a description of the famous "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Batteries; tells of what electricity is doing in the cure of disease, and concludes with a list of those diseases which readily yield to this wonderful, irresistible force.

Part II. treats of Nervous Troubles. An interesting discussion on the nervous system is given. Then follow the various nervous complaints—Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance). It tells how each and every one of these complaints can be cured, and lots of medical evidence is given to support it.

Part III.—This chapter is devoted to the various forms of Rheumatic Troubles. It gives the experiments and opinions of many celebrated physicians in their untiring efforts to find a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache, and explains how a cure can be gained for each that is certain and lasting.

Part IV.—The Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys are here dealt with. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, and Dysentery are described in detail. The opinions of such well-known medical men as Drs. Rockwell, Erb, de Watteville, Turner, Seidel, and many others are given. A means of permanent cure which has proved successful in hundreds of cases is also explained.

Part V.—Various complaints, such as those of the Bladder, Deafness, Asthma, Cramps, Eczema, Chilblain, Headache, and Catarrh are described. Detailed experiments are given as to the peculiar and astonishing effect that electricity has on these troubles.

Part VI.—In this chapter only complaints peculiar to women are treated. Female complaints, Anæmia, and Hysteria are exhaustively described. A host of eminent doctors' opinions are quoted. The abuses of electricity and the importance of health are also dealt with, and, lastly, a copy of the Certificate of Merit awarded by *Science Siftings* to the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Batteries, as well as the expert testimony of the well-known scientist, W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq.

The work is not only the most interesting, but the most valuable from a health point of view that has ever been published. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery is a scientific appliance that has done more for weak and ailing people than any remedy known. It is a "last resort" treatment in the most obstinate cases. The peculiar construction of the battery which enables it to generate a strong and continuous current with no charging whatever, makes it a convenient and pleasant treatment. An eminent physician recently said, "No body properly charged with electricity can be weak."

At the recent International Exhibition the "Ajax" Battery secured the Grand Prix with Gold Medal. The award was issued by the Medical Section of the Exhibition, and endorses the system of applying electricity as well as the battery. This is the only electric treatment to secure such an honour.

Every man or woman who is in any way ailing, who is weak or debilitated, &c., should not be without this book. A post-card or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 4), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once. All advice is free, and a free test to all who call.—[ADVT.]

SOLICITORS' CLERKS.

Referring to our comments upon the position of solicitors' clerks which appeared in our issue of December 25th, a correspondent writes as below :—

Apropos your article on solicitors' clerks there is a good deal in it, but as usual there is a good deal to be said on the other side.

For instance, a solicitor in very many cases does not get 8d. a folio for engrossing. In many cases of engrossments the scale charge for the whole transaction applies, and in the country, at any rate, scale charges are very rarely obtained. I should think half scale would be much nearer the mark on an average.

If you consider training and the position which has to be kept up, admitted solicitors who are acting as managing clerks to other solicitors are worse paid than the lay clerks. Taking into consideration premium, maintenance for five years during articles, stamp on articles, fees on exams., and admission fees for coaching, etc., you may take it that it costs a man from £600 to £1,000 to get his son admitted as a solicitor. When he is admitted (average age about 23) he has in many cases to go as managing clerk at a salary of £80 a year, or, if he has done very well, £100. When he has been admitted 10 or 12 years he may be earning from £150 to £200, but he stands very little chance of getting beyond, say, £250, unless he can get taken into partnership.

One has to dress better than the average clerk, and very often be prepared to associate with the friends of one's principal, who is perhaps making his £1,000 to £1,500 a year. In addition, one has to pay £6 a year for certificate duty to enable one to appear in the County Court, etc., and very seldom does the employer think it fair to repay this sum, although the certificate is taken out for his benefit.

Another correspondent writes :—

They occupy positions of great responsibility, and it is well known that they seldom abuse the confidence placed in them. It does seem strange that there is an absence of organised effort to better their status. When one hears so much about solicitors' clerks being cast off because they have reached the age of 35, one wonders what the lawyers would think if their clients applied some age limit in their direction. Personally, as a solicitor's clerk, who has occupied confidential positions, I should like to correspond with anyone interested in the question, with a view to seeing if steps could be taken to bring about a better state of things.

And another :—

I have been a solicitor's clerk for eighteen years (my age is 34), and now I am *too old !* At any rate I am told so.

Now there is a popular idea abroad that if a man is well educated and knows his business well, he need never be out of work. This is not so.

I myself receive a salary of 25s. per week. I am able to write shorthand ; have a splendid knowledge of Common Law ; able to typewrite, engross, and have also a good knowledge of conveyancing ; am able to keep books, and I am a good mathematician ; I have also a knowledge of French, German, Latin, Italian, Spanish and Greek. Yet I get 25s. per week, and I am not the only one !

Here is the other side of it :—

I have had fifteen years' experience in different solicitors' offices (and I have three brothers also in the law), and I must say at once that your correspondent is one of those fellows who is quite content to sit upon his posterior doing a little copying, and perhaps a little engrossing for a particular solicitor, and has no ambition to improve his position. This surely accounts for the assertion that "their work can be done just as well by plodding youths at 10s. a week."

I happen to be up in chambers, and about a good deal, and consequently come into contact with plenty of law clerks, and I know I am not wrong in stating that their average "screw" amounts to from 40s. to £4 a week (exclusive of overtime).

SAVOY TURKISH BATHS.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Guaranteed to Cure or Relieve Colds, Influenza, Gout, Rheumatism, Constipation, Obesity, Insomnia, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs, Kidneys, etc.

ALL-NIGHT BATHS—NEVER CLOSED. 91 and 92, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.

7 Hot Rooms. Russian Bath 35ft. long. Throughout the day, 3/- ; throughout the night, with bed, 5/-

GENTLEMEN ONLY.

Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays 1 p.m. ; up to 6 p.m., 2/6 ; after 6 p.m., 1/6.
SAVOY STREET, STRAND, W.C.
9, CALEDONIAN ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N.

GENTLEMEN ONLY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays 1 p.m. ; up to 6 p.m., 2/6 ; after 6 p.m., 1/6.
459 & 461, BRIXTON ROAD, S.W.
24, RAILWAY APPROACH, LONDON BRIDGE

LADIES ONLY.

TURK HOUSE, YORK STREET, PICCADILLY, S.W.
Open daily 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included ; up to 6 p.m., 2/- ; after 6 p.m., 2/-

LADIES ONLY.

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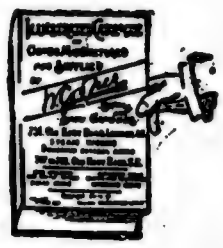

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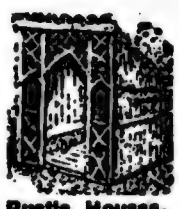

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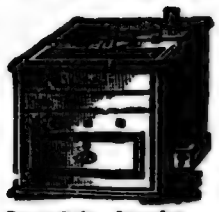

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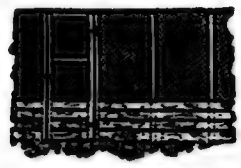

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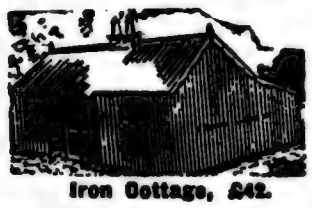

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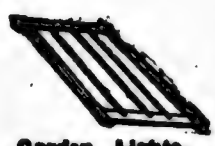

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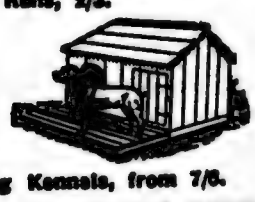

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

XXXI.—MR. REGINALD McKENNA.

I found the First Lord of the Admiralty reading Mr. Robert Blatchford's series of articles in the *Daily Mail*.

"Looks rather serious, eh?" I began.

"What does?" demanded Mr. McKenna, throwing the *Daily Mail* into the fire.

"Why, this German menace," I replied. "You seem to have got the British Navy into a pretty mess. Why on earth did you ever accept the post of First Lord?"

"The Lord knows," murmured Mr. McKenna, involuntarily.

"What are your qualifications?"

"Well, I was born in '63," returned McKenna, with a show of dignity.

"That means you are rising 47. There is nothing against you on the score of age, unless it is, perhaps, that you are a shade too young."

"I rowed bow in the Cambridge eight in 1887," continued the First Lord.

"Ha!" I said, "now we are getting a little nearer to the sea. What next?"

"I won the Grand and Stewards' Cups at Henley," added McKenna, with conscious pride.

"Good!" I exclaimed, "then you probably know the difference between port and starboard. But what further qualifications do you claim to possess to justify your acting as ruler of the King's Navee?"

"Let me think," murmured McKenna, gazing abstractedly at the ceiling. "Oh! I know—I practised at the Bar from 1887 to 1895."

"Excellent," I said, approvingly. "Doubtless the browbeating of nervous witnesses was splendid training for a First Lord of the Admiralty."

"Rather!" cried McKenna, with enthusiasm. "You see, it taught me how to wriggle out of difficulties and explain away mistakes most convincingly.

"I believe you," I murmured. "But what about Blatchford's charges. Is there any truth in them?"

Mr. McKenna rose quietly from his chair and softly closed the door. Then, stepping quietly to my side, he whispered —"They are too true!"

"What!" I cried.

"Perfectly true," whispered McKenna. "The Navy is in a bad state. We *have* allowed Germany to get ahead of us in many ways."

"Then why on earth didn't——" I began.

"Hush!" whispered the First Lord. "The exigencies of party politics have prevented my keeping pace with them. It is not my fault personally."

"But," I commenced, "surely your patriotism——"

"You don't understand," interrupted Mr. McKenna; "patriotism and party politics are as far apart from one another as the poles. You must remember we came into office pledged to naval economy."

"Surely," I began, "when you see your country threatened by an unprecedented and unjustified increase in the German navy, the ominous building of 'long quays,' the erection of vast works for the manufacture of big gun-mountings—surely, in such an obvious crisis, you are man enough to burst the chains of party, and do your duty as a man and a Briton?"

"Quite so, quite so," returned Mr. McKenna, with a deprecatory gesture, "but you don't know what it is like to work with Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. I really believe I would rather face a German invasion than try to make a stand against that pair. You should see them at the Cabinet meetings. You would never forget it. But, thank heaven, it will not last much longer."

"You do not expect your party to return to office, then?" I queried.

"I am afraid," responded Mr. McKenna, "we are finished for several years to come."

"To what, then, do you think, will your party owe their approaching defeat?"

"Largely to the trouble in my own department and the confounded intervention of Mr. Blatchford. We English squabble amongst ourselves about this tax and the other tax, about Free Trade and Tariff Reform, about Old Age Pensions and Land Valuation. But at a whisper of naval inefficiency and the German menace, all these domestic questions are forgotten, and the cry is 'A Strong Navy' and 'Down with Germany.' In other words, we shall have another 'khaki' election, excepting that the colour this time will be navy blue."

"I have my doubts," I said.

"I wish I had," returned Mr. McKenna.

Sir John Kirk

(The Famous Chief of The Ragged School Union)

Mental and Physical Fatigue, Neuralgia, Nerve Disturbance—

Like all leaders of great causes, Sir John Kirk is *too busy to think about himself*, he is so full of his life work, so unceasingly active, spending every unit of his mental and physical energy on behalf of the helpless and neglected children of our great cities.

It was this very zeal of Sir John's which lured him into overtaxing his powers until he was compelled to replentish and supplement his nerve forces with Phosferine.

In selecting Phosferine to enable him to continue his noble fight for friendless childhood, Sir John says his own personal experience has proved the revitalising efficacy of the tonic, both in neuralgia and other nerve disturbances.

In all he does, Sir John Kirk is *thoroughly in earnest* and his declared faith in the energising properties of Phosferine, is the assurance of an intrepid worker that others will as surely recover their vitality as he did himself.

Never experienced now.

Sir John Kirk writes:—"In the vigorous days of early manhood, my working theory was that the human machine could best run alone without any stimulating goad. I found, however, as years went on, it was necessary to get some 'oiling' influence to make the 'wheels go round' properly. Well nigh daily contact with child misery made serious demands on the vital forces of mind and heart; whilst the increasing exactions of public life did not tend to lessen the mental and physical strain. Under these circumstances I tried Phosferine, with most encouraging results. I cannot withhold my spontaneous testimony to the value of a remedy, which, from personal experience, I have found to be so efficacious. In the neuralgic and other nerve disturbances consequent on long continuous brain activity, Phosferine fulfils its curative functions most successfully."—October 25, 1909.

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OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

(SPECIALLY MIS-REPORTED FOR "JOHN BULL.")

BY RICHARD MORTON.

(Mr. Morton satirises recent Police Court proceedings.)

INTERESTING ASSAULT CASE—APOLOGY ACCEPTED.

A large gathering of theatrical people assembled at Smallborough Street Police Court yesterday, being deeply interested in a charge of assault preferred against Kimberley Stratford, an actor. The complainant was Thespian Scribbler, an author and dramatic critic. Mr. Needle prosecuted, and Mr. Bye Gumphrey represented the defendant.

Mr. Needle said the summons was for a common assault. His client, Mr. Scribbler, wrote books on dramatic subjects and also contributed criticisms to the press. Mr. Stratford was a well-known actor, and likewise had the felicity to be the husband of that famous actress, Miss Sarah Also. The lady had recently appeared at a morning performance as Juliet in Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet," and also as Nancy, in Dickens' "David Copperfield." The plaintiff, in writing a notice of the performance, had praised it for its variety, but had, unfortunately, made the remark that Miss Also was not the finest actress that ever lived. Mr. Kimberley not unnaturally took umbrage at this, as he considered his wife the best that ever was or ever could be. He accordingly met Mr. Scribbler at Lockhart's, and, smacked his face and boxed his ears.

Mr. Gumphrey said his client, Mr. Stratford, did not object to criticism, which was very good of him. But he certainly thought his wife was the best actress on earth or off it, and the attack in question cut him to the quick. He did not attempt to justify the assault, and tendered an apology.

Magistrate: Your client apologises?

Mr. Gumphrey: Well, I do, anyway. It appears the easiest way of getting out of it.

Mr. Scribbler, the complainant, gave evidence, and said he had no personal feeling against Miss Also when he wrote what he did. Defendant had smacked his face, but he did not mind that very much, now that the lawyer had said he was sorry for what his client had done.

Mr. Needle said he did not propose to carry the case any further. If his client was satisfied, he was.

The Magistrate said there appeared nothing left for him to say, so he proposed to say it. Defendant was in the wrong and could not put himself in the right, but the next best thing he could do was to apologise and say he was sorry. This his counsel had done for him. And plaintiff had also explained his share in the transaction by saying he did not mean what people thought he meant. Therefore, everything was very nice, and the summons would be withdrawn accordingly.

COMMONPLACE ASSAULT CASE.—APOLOGY NO DEFENCE.

At the Lower Docks Court, Bill Basher was brought up on a charge of assaulting John Tarradiddle.

Tarradiddle explained that Basher had been told that he (the prosecutor) had spoken certain words derogatory to the wife of him, Bill Basher.

Magistrate: Now, Basher, what have you to say?

Prisoner: He called my wife out of her name, and said she was no better than she ought to be.

Magistrate: So you set upon him?

Prisoner: Any man would.

Prosecutor: But I never said anything of the kind. It is all a mistake.

Prisoner: So I understand now, and I am sorry for what I did to you.

Prosecutor: That's all right. I don't bear malice.

Magistrate: This was a most unprovoked assault. The prisoner says he is sorry, but that is no defence. Basher would go to prison for seven days.

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"THE LAW OF FINANCIAL SUCCESS"

tells you in plain English how to make money and secure financial independence. It contains positive rules and instructions for every man and woman desirous of bettering their financial condition. The low price is but a fraction of its real value. Over 100,000 copies have already been sold. The book will be mailed post-paid promptly upon receipt of 6d.

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are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the Cakes are compounded, they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicating internal worms and parasites, and preventing unpleasant odours.

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Per 8 oz. Bottle 6d. Of all Grocers.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send one penny stamp and name of your Grocer, and a sample bottle will be sent free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 8), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The House of Temperley."

"Not all the King's horses, and all the King's men," could ever succeed in turning Arthur Conan Doyle's "House of Temperley" into a popular melodrama, and I'll tell you the reason why.

There are no loving, or even interesting womenfolk who dwell therein!

Conan Doyle's book "Rodney Stone" may be sufficiently attractive to a certain racy class of men, and even boys, and his presumably dramatised version of the same story may be pleasing to a limited number of sporting characters, but, my dear Sir Arthur, you have entirely overlooked the importance of woman's influence in "The House of Temperley," in fact the fairer sex barely exist in it at all, therefore your "House" is bound to topple to the ground, for where women are not there will be but a small sprinkling of men, and although a good old fight may excite a man's nature, there are only a few "petticoats" which will frou-frou round "the ring" in order to watch the blood spurt from a swift blow, or glory over a fellow getting his jaw smashed, or his nose broken.

No, it is a very one-walled sort of building is "The House of Temperley," and I'm not the least surprised its frail foundation is ever on the verge of tottering and unsafe, for who cares a rap whether Ethel Morley, the heiress, marries Sir Charles Temperley, the gambler, and thus restores the family honour, or whether Sir Charles's scheming mother is frustrated in her designs to bring the match about? The two ladies play such shadowy parts in Conan Doyle's "melodrama of the ring" that they might just as well be left out of it altogether and merely talked about.

If a man goes to a boxing match at the National Sporting Club, or pays a visit to "Wonderland" down Whitechapel way, he doesn't take his wife, or sister, or sweetheart with him; why, then, should any lady be invited to the Adelphi to enjoy (?) this "fighting play," which cannot claim for its intrusion on to the legitimate stage even the introduction of a well-known boxer such as the slim, trim "prize-bruiser" Jim Corbett was, who, yielding to persuasion, appeared in one of Drury Lane's successful productions in the days when "Gus" Harris was handling the dramatic reins there.

Boiled down to the size of a music-hall sketch, Professor Doyle might possibly make a good thing out of his sporting tale, and Charles Maude as the hero, and Reginald Davis, a handsome young athlete, whose work is full of fire, promise, and enthusiasm, would probably bring down thunders of applause for their pluck and go, but dragged out into four acts and eight scenes, well, "The House of Temperley" spells "boredom," to say the least of it.

Isn't it a waste of energy, too, for poor Pollie Emery, Ben Webster, Charles Rooke, and Edmund Gwenn? They may work as hard as troopers, but it is impossible to do anything with the feeble material Conan Doyle has provided for them.

What deep sighs of regret some of us who have been constant to the theatre since childhood must heave when we compare the quality of the present fare with the appetising *plats du jour* of the past.

"The Bad Girl of the Family."

There is no mystery about Mr. Frederick Melville's bedroom drama, "The Bad Girl of the Family." The storm begins from the very first instant, and never subsides for a second until the curtain falls finally over virtue triumphant and vice vanquished.

What does it matter if scene after scene does recall a memory of the past, that "Black Eye'd Susan," "The Hidden Hand," and the good old situation of "Jonathan Bradford" are all more or less grafted on to one tree? The fruit is none the less sweet for the crowds in the pit and gallery of the Aldwych Theatre to delight in munching. Indeed, to judge from the cheers and boos which greet the hero and villain of Mr. Melville's popular-priced melodrama, the banquet appears to be particularly toothsome to the appetities in these portions of the auditorium.

You don't often get the virtuous young man popping up just at the right moment nowadays, or the bad chappie getting nabbed at the very second when the innocent heroine is about to become victimised and made a martyr of.

"The Bad Girl of the Family" tricks everybody to a nicety, sacrifices herself without turning a muscle, and becomes the wife of a criminal.

But "it all comes right in the morning," as the song says, for you know the felon will be hanged for murder and the "Bad Girl" set free again, so there you are, don't you know, and so everything ends happily, and no one can deny that Mr. Melville has supplied the people with an entertainment that causes plenty of fun and emotion at the Aldwych Theatre, Strand.

The Rev. W. H. Heap, of the Huddersfield Mission, denies that he has ever said that Methodists who go to the theatre, play cards, or attend balls or whist drives, stand little chance of eternal salvation. Assuming him to be the same gentleman as the Rev. H. Heap referred to in the cutting from a local paper upon which our sketch was based, we willingly insert Mr. Heap's disclaimer.

CONSUMPTION

Proof of efficacy in a treatment is what should determine those who are suffering from any disease, on the means they should adopt in order to be cured, more especially those who suffer from or are threatened with Consumption.

The discovery of Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman has been proved a cure for this deadly plague in many countries and under the adverse conditions of many climates. In the rigid cold of Northern Canada, in the variable and extreme climates of Europe and the United States, in the moderate temperatures of South Africa, South America and Australasia, or in the heat of India, Central America, China, Mexico and the East and West Indies, this product of research and science has done equally well what is claimed for it; it has cured Consumption in many hundred cases, while thousands of sufferers from Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Catarrh, or other of the many throat and lung troubles have been restored to health—cured to remain cured.

Those who experience any of the Symptoms or warning signs of either of these diseases should investigate this treatment. It will cost nothing and they will incur no liability in any respect. A trial supply, Dr. Yonkerman's book on the treatment and cure of Consumption and its allied complaints and all particulars and proofs in connection with the treatment will be sent free of charge, postage and carriage paid to all sufferers who will ask for them, by the Derk P. Yonkerman Co., Ltd., (Dept. 101) 6, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

Sufferers should not defer writing, but should write to-day and learn how they may be cured without change of climate or other costly and inconvenient methods which have frequently failed in cases where this remarkable remedy has afterwards cured. Once the warning symptoms are apparent sufferers should avail themselves of this offer before it is too late. —[Advt.]

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Shape 25

In the "SUMMIT" series is CORRECT for Dress and formal wear: the 'wings' are perfectly proportioned to the collar size and depth. "SUMMIT" fabrics are thoroughly SHRUNK before cutting: this assures PERMANENTLY correct fitting.

2¼in. is the popular depth, with 2in. a close favorite. QUARTER-SIZES (four sizes to the inch) in both these depths. Half-sizes in depth 2¼in.

Sample Summits 6½d. each: Half-a-dozen for Three shillings: we pay postage.

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The Peak of Perfection

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

More Rose Crowns.

It really is good news to learn that at last we are to be allowed to wear flowers in the hair for ordinary evening functions, and not only, as has been the case for years, at weddings. Roses are to be the principal rage, but pansies, jasmine and any delicately tinted, small, close blossoms will be extensively used The roses are so small as to barely exceed a pansy in size, an. are worn in a hoop-shaped wreath round the chignon, and thickening out into a cluster behind the left ear. The effect is wonderful if the dress be simple ; if not, it is, of course, horribly gaudy, and would soon deteriorate in absolute tawdriness. But as the present evening frocks are so exquisitely classic in line and delicate in colouring there is hope always that this pretty fashion will have a fair "run." No doubt it will tend to bring back again that inimitable mode of a single rose behind the ear that they loved so in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties. It was the most wonderful setting-off of a flower-like face that one can imagine, and no one can deny that, from the pictures, the ladies of that day had something delicate and flower-like about them that moderns have not imitated—to their own loss.

Landscape Furnishing.

Since of late years we have taken to living out of town and only flying up to it on shopping and theatre raids, or else, if we can afford it, having a country cottage and a town flat, a host of funny customs have arisen with regard to our furniture—unwritten laws, many of them, but still as potent as though blazoned from the house-tops. For instance, by some tacit but universal understanding, *L'Art Nouvelle* has been entirely banished to the country, or, at all events, the suburban home. Practically one never sees it in town, now. There it has been entirely replaced by the popular eighteenth century French or Jacobean styles, or even, in very smart houses, the Regency period of mahogany and Sheffield plate. But in the country, as it should do, it flourishes, being based on the laws governing peasant life, and therefore innately appropriate to the surroundings of fields and woods and sunshine. To my mind that cottagy style of furniture demands sunshine as a necessity of its being. To contemplate its pristine severities, its pewter pots and pans, its back-to-the-land sort of oak chairs (they are literally that sometimes !) under a pall of pea-soup-coloured fog, or in the always dim, dun-coloured light of a London house, is desperately depressing. It has all the clinging dreariness of an attempt that has failed. And except for a few persons who never can be appropriate—the kind who wear hay-making hats in Baker Street—we are all glad to let it grace the country bower, and to make ourselves more cosy in town, yea, even though it be with Early Victorian rep and rose carpets ! In London "dead-leaf" shades are apt to look merely drab ; soft, vague blues soon become a universal dirty grey, and that quaint kitchen crock, which looked so lovable out of town, here seems to cast doubts on the sobriety of the parlourmaid who placed it on the sideboard.

Ironic Ladies.

How curiously it reads that of the eight women whose names got on to various polling registers by mistake, and who therefore insisted upon voting at the last election, not one was a professed and fully-convinced Suffragette. Some of these ladies had property—several were widows—and believed so far in the necessity of women's franchise for persons possessing that responsibility, but otherwise they had not cast in their lot with any great organisation or movement. Those eight women represent an enormous class in England, whether for good or evil it is not in place here to discuss. Outside the central life of the big, rushing cities, there are hundreds of such calm, level-headed, definite-minded ladies, excellent administrators of property, conscientious rulers of their little domains, and supporters of all that is grave and dignified, who will go down to their correct family graves with their status unacknowledged by their country rather than demand too much too loudly. Yet when man the omnipotent does make a sudden whirling mistake in his polling lists, with regard to the name of one of these, she chuckles to herself, sets forth in her war-paint, and insists upon voting. There is in her attitude a kind of irony that is infinitely more attractive than making a noise, as though she said to herself, "I cannot be so unladylike as to demand my rights, but I *can* catch man tripping. So now."

THE AMERICAN ROLLER RINK COMPANY.

We have complaints from various men who complain that this company will not this year employ any London "boys," preferring to get all they want from the Provinces. However that may be, the conditions of service do not seem enticing. Our information is that the company employ some ninety boys at Olympia and Holland Park ; that they are paid no wages, and that out of such tips as they receive—which average about 25s. a week—they have to pay 2s. a day to the company, not to speak of 4d. a day demanded from each of them by the head skate boy.

TOO OLD ?

No, Sir, not too old ! Merely shabby, out of shape, may be, and baggy at the knees, but send the suit to us—we pay carriage one way—and we will clean and press it—in the Achille Serre way—so that it will again find favour in your eyes.

It will only cost you 3/9.

Write now for our booklet "Clothes and the Man" ; you will find it useful.

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Deal direct with us. We have been transacting business for many of the best outside firms.

We shall be pleased to give you any references you may require.

We have been established 10 years and we undo our business whenever practicable with brokers.

Give us a trial and we are certain that the results will be satisfactory to you, and you will send your business to us only.

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N.B.—Our terms of business are as usual for Limited Loss or Fortnightly Account.

We also specialise in Options.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Doesn't "Trust the People" savour of the old "confidence trick"?
Did John Burns work on Boxing Day to make the most of his time?
Will the Portsmouth election be a "naval encounter"?
Doesn't the Irish party find Tay Pay?
Do they swear "by" or "at" Lord Charles Beresford at the Admiralty?
Wasn't F. E. Smith non-suited at Carnarvon?
Will the new "Ghost Club" keep good spirits?
Shouldn't it be called the "All-stop" claim?
Isn't Germany rather too "Liberal" in her professions?
Won't the Canal Scheme mean sinking a lot of money?
Shouldn't Dr. Rohrbach's name be "Drohrbach"?
Will there be some change got out of the Government?
Oughtn't "toning" milk to mean atoning milkmen?

According to a Canadian paper, Art is neglected there. The country is no longer a draw.

A pair of opera glasses has been given to the fund of the Anti-Socialist Union. This will bring the object nearer.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Editor of the *Clarion* is changing his name to Roberts-Blatchford.

Over £600 was recently paid for some letters of Beethoven. Some of his notes are far more valuable.

We are told that "plants are our cousins." A nettle often sticks closer than a brother.

An advertiser offers to do all a bachelor's mending for a fixed sum per year. What about broken hearts?

Lord Cromer advises Unionists "to close their ranks." To escape the taxis?

"Our Flag," at the Alhambra, should cause a ballet flutter among Little Englanders.

The sore point in the defeat of Dorando seems to be the wearing of new shoes. But this does not lessen Gardiner's feat.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new serial is called "The Morning Star." Extra special?

The Suffragettes who wrote on the pavement, had their flags trodden underfoot.

With most people describing lords as parsimonious, it is pleasing to read that Southend has made £5,000 out of a pier.

Christian Scientists will not consider Dr. Paget's attack Eddy-fying.

The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon is now an artist. So he can still place his views before the public.

We read of Suffragettes as orange-sellers. Up to now, the only fruits of their labours.

"Consols Better" runs a heading. After a decline, we suppose.

We hear of "the aims of the Servian Crown Prince." We hope he'll make a better hit than the King.

Heading: "Warships Help the Pudding Fund." With eggs from the hatchways?

During the Pantomime season Parliamentary candidates will supply the fairy-tales.

It is stated that inmates of the workhouse at Brentwood who dislike the air there are removed to Hackney. The South Division, no doubt.

Several writers have intimated their intention of relinquishing authorship, for business. We append a few suggestions for other celebrities who might welcome a change: —

Name.	*Trade.*	*Qualification.*
RUDYARD KIPLING	Gasfitter	The Light That Failed.
R. J. CAMPBELL	Scalemaker	The King's Weigh House.
GEORGE R. SIMS	Greengrocer	Mustard and Cress.
W. T. STEAD	Distiller.....	Spirit Maker.
MARIE CORELLI	Cheesemonger ..	The Mighty Atom.
W. W. JACOBS	Lyre Maker ..	Wapping Stories.
C. ARTHUR PEARSON	Engine Driver	The Express.
G. B. SHAW	Actor	The Super-Man.
SIR CONAN DOYLE	Builder	Sherlock Holmes.
LORD ROSEBERY	Ploughman	The Lonely Furrow.
GUY THORNE	Electrician	When It Was Dark.

PORTRAITS OF THE South African Cricketers,

and coloured cartoon of

HERBERT GLADSTONE,

in this week's

"THRONE AND COUNTRY."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

S. A. (Erdington) says that at his "class," the other day, the curate "corrected" the members on our "untruthfulness on religion versus Jews, foreign missions, he was the only one who voted against the resolution." We do not quite follow, but it is clear that the curate was in the wrong.

J. C. (Glasgow) tells us that "all the pubs were to be closed on New Year's Day—the one day upon which country friends pay their annual visit to the city." What a lot of drunkenness there must have been!

A CORRESPONDENT says we did Captain Scott some injustice in our recent reference to an invalided member of his crew. Our columns are open to the gallant Captain at any time.

"A YOUTHFUL FABIAN" is anxious to cross literary swords with "An Individualist" in regard to his article in our issue of December 18th. If the challenge be accepted, the address of the challenger is 72, London Road, Reading.

R. C. N. (Bristol) protests against judges commenting adversely on the absence of prisoners from the witness-box. He is also dissatisfied with the remuneration of jurors.

L. H. (Herts) says old copies of "Rule Britannia" contained the petition: "Britain *rule* the waves," instead of the assertion "Britain *rules* the waves."

J. F. (Nottingham) thinks we ought to have been more polite King Manoel when he was our guest. But we did not invite him.

A. J. W. (Detroit).—We know nothing about Mr. Jerome A. Ringrose (38, Harrington Street, Regent's Park), who offers to blazon armorial bearings.

B. C. (Edinburgh).—We agree that waitresses would do well to start a trades union.

M. J. B. (Ilford) complains that the *Racing Post* (303, High Holborn) gives winners after the races have been run. Evidently a newspaper.

A. C. (London, W.) complains that the Jews are getting too much power. But it's the money which troubles us.

F. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) complains of Eva and Hilda Hendry, who run "a select agency for ladies and servants" at 23, Piccadilly, Bradford. They advertise situations vacant in order to induce people to pay fees. That's their business.

M. F. W. (City Road) argues that a good navvy is worth more than 4½d. per hour and 6d. to 1s. sustenance money per day extra.

"A YOUNG JOHN BULL" (Heywood).—We admire your sentiments, but fear we are too busy to write your letters to the papers.

C. D. B. (London, N.).—We often receive complaints about politics in the pulpit. But what about sermons in the House?

G. N. (Kennington).—We have received conflicting opinions about the Theatrical Mission.

R. C. A. (Edinburgh) AND OTHERS.—Quite right. The Prime Minister receives no salary as such, but as First Lord of the Treasury.

APROPOS our recent reference to the peculiar methods of the present Captain of the *Lord Nelson*, we are told that during the same officer's command of the cruiser *Hampshire* there were over three hundred warrants for disratings, etc., with the result that the vessel earned the name of the prison ship. We, however, understand that over fifty men deserted when the ship visited America. Perhaps the First Lord of the Admiralty will make enquiries.

AN Isleworth reader calls our attention to the fact that Mr. John Moore, 66 years of age, who has been employed for 37 years on the Metropolitan District Railway, and has for 10 years been station-master at Chiswick, is now compelled to retire through ill-health. As there is no pension fund attached to this company, perhaps some of those who know Mr. Moore will be willing to send a trifle to the fund, by addressing it to the Booking Office, Chiswick Station.

J. A. (Stoke Newington) asks whether a New Year card addressed to a married couple should be addressed to Mr. and Mrs., or only to the lady. There is no hard and fast rule, but the custom is to address to both.

S. W. F. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—No, our Editor never stood as candidate for Gateshead-on-Tyne.

THE WILLESDEN POLICE COURT MISSIONARY, in thanking the reader who, through us, sent 10s. for the benefit of Mr. Winter, informs us that the family are provided for, the father being set up in his trade of re-covering umbrellas, repairing bicycles, etc. We are very glad to hear it.

J. H. (Chiswick) tells us that there is a man calling himself "Ex-priest Von Husen," and advertised as such by the Protestant Alliance, but that there is reason to believe that no such person has ever been ordained.

£5 per Week and Upwards Earned by Advertisement Writers. Opportunities for Ambitious People. Prospectus Post Free.

(Dept. 73). PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL. 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

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TO CLIENTS

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

BY THE

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REMARKABLE OFFER.

£1,000,000 sterling.

(The only condition is that you forward Coupon to us filled in.)

We ask you to judge us by what we have done and by what we say—neither alone by the one or the other, but together. And when you judge us by what we have done and say, you see what we have to live up to. Incidentally, it is a standard which no other similar firm can reach. You see what we have paid away to clients—£313,460. What we have done we can do. But we wish to do much more in the future. We wish to pay away—and with sufficient clients we can pay away—£1,000,000.

Similar advantages to those hitherto given to clients to whom we have paid away £313,460 will be given to you for half the small amount. We wish you to realise the value of our system of money-making for clients. Clients or prospective clients in communication with us are requested not to apply, as it will be unnecessary. By the simple act of filling in the Coupon below, you will be informed of all that we offer you. But you are not obliged to accept the offer. You judge it on its merits when you get it.

A LAST CHANCE FOR YOU.

The fulfilment of promises and statements to the public in the past is represented by what we have paid away. "What have you done?" is the most pertinent question that can be put to the applicant for a position. We point to figures. What can we do? More than we have done. Pay away almost anything, providing we get sufficient clients. It now rests with you.

TO-DAY is NOW.

TO-MORROW Never Comes.

Take your Pen and Fill in Coupon.

By the simple act of filling in Coupon at the side you will be informed of all that we offer you. But it entails no obligation to accept the offer. You judge it on its merits when you get it.

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS OF REMARKABLE OFFER.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your remarkable offer concerning your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques totalling £313,460, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

J.B. R.O.

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....

Please Write Distinctly.

DATE ... .

H. W. (Queensland) says that Germans are flocking into Queensland, although there is plenty of good work waiting for good English workers.

MRS. E. (London, W.).—Did you not know that the "wine of the realm" is Crovian for whisky?

M. G. (Twickenham).—We are afraid you will have to say good-bye to the 6s. which you entrusted to J. Lord and Co. (69, Clarendon Street, Manchester), but you would be doing a public service if you set to worry them. We have often warned our readers.

H. J. T. (Strand) defends the County Council for interfering with costermongers' carts. He says that many people work their horses all the year round, and that the animals ought to be allowed an occasional rest. Then the charge should have been cruelty to animals.

"CRITICUS LUDORUM" (Salisbury) thanks us for criticising the Boy Scouts and ridicules the idea that their antics keep them out of mischief. Our correspondent asks: Is it not a flat contradiction to that absurd statement so often made by the Scouts to the effect that the racing, earth smelling, escaped-convict-hunting, war dances, and the many other ridiculous practices of this self-laudatory organisation are, or would be, helpful in war?" Let us hope there never will be war in these islands.

J. W. B. (Upper Edmonton), having read the remarks of H. S. (Bradford) about convents, suggests that "this bigot should join the John Bull League and thereby cultivate a generous and healthy feeling towards others." All right, we will shepherd him.

H. J. F. (Spitalfields) accuses H. S. (Bradford) of disreputable inventions and gives instances of the philanthropic work carried on by convents.

W. E. R. (Leytonstone).—Dr. Clifford's D.D. is American, but his English degrees are all right.

R. E. H. (Gateshead) mentions the Globe Portrait Company (Oastler Terrace, North Street, Leeds) as practitioners of the old portrait trick.

"CAVE ADVERT" (York) was invited to send a preliminary fee of two guineas to E. Gilford (Midland Scholastic Agency, Market Rasen), but considered this exorbitant.

"COMMONSENSE" considers Socialists hard to beat for cant and hypocrisy. But we do not like abuse of this kind.

S. L. S. (Enfield) complains about the Instalments Department, Ltd. (Icknield Street, Birmingham), which certainly seems to have behaved somewhat cavalierly.

W. E. M. (York) sent 7s. to Messrs. Norman and Co. (Birmingham) for goods advertised in the *News of the World*, but obtained neither the goods nor a return of his money. He must trace the Postal Order.

F. P. W. (Albany, N.Y.) says that W. T. Stead is a liar as well as a humbug. Rude man.

"INVESTIGATOR" (Bristol) says that disembodied spirits are not on a higher plane than we are, and that they seize the opportunity when the door of communication is opened to rush in and divert themselves at our expense.

J. L. (Streatham) thinks it suspicious that the winner of a prize given by the *National Monthly Magazine* should have left home suddenly after receiving the money. Probably she wanted to avoid borrowers.

R. C. B. (Barnsbury) protests against "the disgusting language" used in a play called "The Servant in the House." We must go and see it.

"CAUTIO" (London).—We have already warned readers against the "Security System," advertised by the Melbourne Press, of Liverpool.

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (Barton-on-Humber) says that everything possible was done to rescue the boy Russell from drowning.

"GOJI" (W. Africa) says that Keir Hardie will not be eaten up if he goes out there. We suppose the niggers would find him a bit tough.

"SCEPTIC" (Leeds).—It is quite a myth that the collection of a million tram tickets or postage stamps can be the means of getting a child into a home or endowing a cot in a hospital. Their only value is that of waste paper.

A. W. H. (Huddersfield) writes about George Long, the French polisher, to whom we alluded on December 4th. He says he knew Long some three years ago, and that the poor fellow was weak in the head. He ought, therefore, to have been pitied instead of punished by the Otley Shallows.

"A LOYAL CANADIAN" (Montreal) says that Yankees are even madder about Football than Englishmen. Is it possible?

H. A. T. (Twickenham).—We are glad to learn that the Dowager Lady Monson was plucky enough to prosecute watch tricksters in the Richmond Police Court. If everybody would follow suit their occupation would soon be gone.

J. H. (Glasgow), writing on the alleged immorality of convents, says: "The question is not what they are but what they should be." Pigs, of course, might fly.

F. C. (London, E.C.) says that 3s. per thousand is not bad pay for addressing envelopes. She herself has frequently addressed three thousand in one day, and says that there is no difficulty in addressing 220 per hour all through a working day. We must introduce her to our office staff.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

WE DELIVER our Perfected "CORONA-PHONE" and 6 Superb Records for 5/- and your promise of nine monthly payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied. This Splendid Disc Machine has all the latest perfections, and plays the finest records ever produced. Endless refined amusement and pleasure for all your family circle. Talking machine owners should send for our GREAT OFFER of DISC RECORDS on Easy Terms.

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"TADDY'S" GRAPNEL MIXTURE

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.

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Instant Relief.

USE "NUGGET" POLISHES "DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

THE "NUGGET" WATERPROOF BLACK POLISH UNEQUALLED TRADE MARK TRADE MARK FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION A PRESERVER LEATHER FROM CRACKING FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS LONDON. S.E.

LIPTON'S COCOA

The Most Nutritious.

Think for a moment of the real advantage of obtaining your Cocoa from a firm of world-wide repute, sole proprietors of Cocoa Estates, possessing the most recent and complete installation of Cocoa machinery, a firm whose unique position makes it possible for them to sell the very Finest Quality Cocoa at a price only half the usual charge for high-grade Cocoa.

Such a firm is LIPTON'S. They alone occupy the positions of GROWERS, MANUFACTURERS and RETAILERS, a combination which assures the Public

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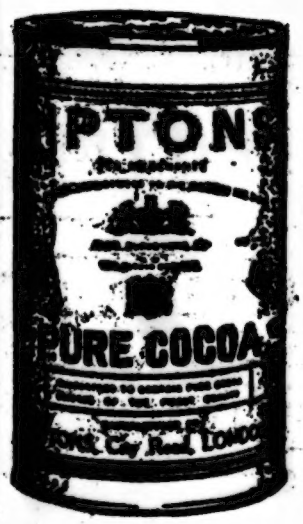

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To Lovers of Good Tobacco

One of these Blends will prove to be the very Blend you've sought.

"TWO HOURS" Mixture 5d. per oz.
Cool, Fragrant, and absolutely Pure.

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In Three Strengths. Our Latest Success.

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The Blend that made us famous.

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Blended from the finest leaf procurable.

All the Best Tobacconists supply the above, but should you have any difficulty, send stamps to the amount for Samples to the Manufacturers,

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Some Important Hints to Correspondents.

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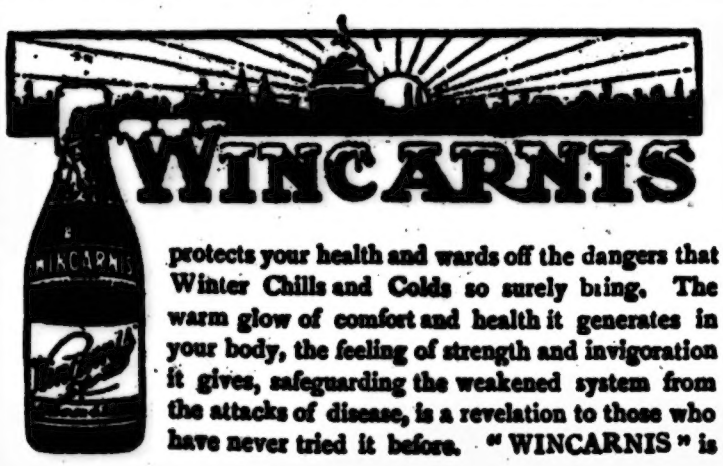

protects your health and wards off the dangers that Winter Chills and Colds so surely bring. The warm glow of comfort and health it generates in your body, the feeling of strength and invigoration it gives, safeguarding the weakened system from the attacks of disease, is a revelation to those who have never tried it before. "WINCARNIS" is

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TEST IT FREE.

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NOW IS THE TIME to recuperate health and strength. If you send three penny stamps to cover carriage, you will receive a trial bottle free—large enough to do you good and enable you to appreciate its wonderful properties. Then you can buy "Wincarnis" from your wine merchant, licensed grocer, or chemist. It is also sold by the glass, and in all bars, at hotels, licensed houses, and theatres, music hall, and railway refreshment bars.

SUPPLIED TO H.M. FORCES.

SIGN THIS NOW To COLEMAN & CO., LTD., 247, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose 3d. for carriage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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"J.B." Jan. 8, 1910.

Wincarnis Prevents Colds, Chills and Influenza.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

A Jockey-Author.

Arthur Birch, the injured steeplechase jockey, at my suggestion, has been writing a few reminiscences which will shortly be published in a magazine. Apart from remuneration, the matter has been of some interest to him, and will give a little excitement and pleasure to relieve his terrible monotony.

Frank Wootton's Photo.

There are still a few of the coloured and mounted life-like cartoons of little Frank Wootton (in his father's colours), for those having public positions to hang them, and sending 1d. towards the postage, to "The Publisher," Throne and Country, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

Not a Real Champion.

The three-year-old filly, by Ard Patrick, who won the mock race in the recent Drury Lane drama, was bought at a Cobham Sales Stud, last July, by Arthur Collins. An attempt was made to train her to win a race, and she was duly entered at a Midland meeting, but being tried to be last of four bad animals in a gallop the Saturday previously, the racing ideas were dropped.

Prophetic.

If she has not already won, or been too seriously disgraced at Gatwick, Marie Antoinette will win a little hurdle handicap in the near future, but the pending sport is very tame, and those away from the course are literally wagering in the dark. At Plumpton we shall see that dear old hurdler,

Cripplegate

out once more, and I expect a good many South Hackneyites will be cheering him home.

Next Monday the 7lb. penalty will not prevent

Golden Ray

from winning the Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase, while at Windsor,

Blind Hookey

must surely make amends for a series of seconds, in the Eton Handicap.

Football

GEORGE WHITE,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

The most up-to-date Turf and Football Accountant in the Kingdom.

BEST TERMS ON MARKET.

Write for weekly Football Coupons.

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Send Postcard (Id.) at once.

HONOURABLE DEALINGS.

Do Business with the man who always pays and whose advertisements are inserted in almost every newspaper in the United Kingdom.

BANKERS.—De Kanter and Herdijk's Bank Middelburg, Holland.

I have no connection with any other firm trading under a similar name.

GEORGE WHITE,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

FOOTBALL FOOTBALL

Seven persons Won my

£5 —FREE— SELECTION

on DECEMBER 11th, amongst them being:—

J. S. CAMPBELL, Sevenoaks, Kent.
H. MACQUEEN, Melrose Street, Belfast.
W. GOLDER, Shotwick Park, near Chester.
C. P., Elm Road, Hr. Crumpsall, Manchester.
A. J., Fuljambe Street, Parkgate, near Rotherham, Yorks.

The other two object to their names being advertised.

I court every enquiry as to the genuineness of the above, and will post £1,000 to the Editor of any responsible paper, which sum he can give to Charity if the above statement is incorrect.

BERT FRY,

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S and Principal Clubs.

Kindly Mention Paper.

WILLIAM FARRER,

Turf Accountant and Commission Agent,
GLASGOW and AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.
No Limit. No Commission.
NO FOOTBALL BUSINESS UNDERTAKEN.
Rules on Receipt of 1d. postcard to AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

MONEY ALL ENTITLED ON DEATH OF FRIENDS to

MONEY or PROPERTY, LEGACIES, LIFE INCOMES, under WILLS or SETTLEMENTS.

ADVANCES from Trust Fund. Rates: £100 to £500 at 5, £1,000 to £5,000 at 4½, £10,000 at 4 PER CENT. PER ANNUM. 1 to 20 years. Rapid completions. Ladies, Country, Urgent and Large Loans Special. Loans paid off. Only 2os. a quarter per £100. ADVANCES ARRANGED IN ALL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM. LIST OF SECURITIES WITH PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Interview 10 to 4 ('Phone 4,880 Wall) or write. All letters answered.

J. FAWCETT & CO., 109, CHEAPSIDE, CITY, LONDON (Private.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES

£100 and upwards to £10,000 lent upon NOTE OF HAND alone, with or without security, repayable by monthly or quarterly instalment

BILLS DISCOUNTED

FIELDINGS,

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(Distance no object.) (Strictly confidential.)
Telegraphic Address: "Unimpeded, London." 'Phone: Gerrard 5481.

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For Particulars write

Gresham Life Assurance Society, Ltd.,

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Assets Exceed £10,000,000. JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary.

The IDEAL Policy

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THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

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PROVIDES

Life Assurance without Medical Examination.

For full particulars of this unique scheme send post-card to

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AGENTS WANTED—EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

DO YOU WANT MONEY

on Note of Hand alone from £10 to £1,000?

IF YOU DO,

and you are a genuine borrower and honourably intend to repay, apply to—

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,

12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.,

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AND YOU WILL GET IT.

All business conducted confidentially and on plain straightforward principles. Repayments spread over 10 months if desired. An application entails no expense whatever unless the loan is actually completed.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

(36th Edition.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

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1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

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(Established 1870.)

22, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,667,948. Liabilities, £1,296,271. Surplus, £371,672.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.

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Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

FREE. 30 ASSORTED 2D SAMPLES

What is Your Number?

The following claims have been received for the issues of November 13th, 20th, and 27th, and December 11th:—

A. GANLEY, 3, Broad Street, Loughborough, Leicestershire. (No. 216,997.—November 13th.)

Sergt.-Instructor A. C. RIDDIFORD, Royal Garrison Artillery, 26, Easter Road, Edinburgh. (No. 93,519.—November 20th.)

F. BUTCHER, 39, Navarino Mansions, Dalston, N.E. (No. 307,402.—November 20th.)

H. H. HILDITCH, The Moorings, Old Portswood, Southampton. (No. 130,171.—November 20th.)

ALFRED PRICE, 19, Kensington Crescent, Swansea. (No. 13,314.—November 27th.)

JAMES CLARK, Fratton Bridge, Portsmouth. (No. 297,854.—November 27th.)

HAROLD WEAVER, Colbourne House, 204, Guildford Street, Lozells, Birmingham. (No. 243,678.—November 27th.)

GEORGE BROWN, 18, Severns Road, Clapham Junction, S.W. (No. 397,791.—November 27th.)

Mrs. J. LEA, 5, Agnew Street, Lytham. (No. 84,348.—December 11th.)

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Full directions with each bottle.

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